

The AMERICAN GIRL

April

1952 • 25¢



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by MARJORIE VETTER

Sorority Girl. By ANNE EMERY. The Westminster Press, \$2.50. Jean

Burnaby began her junior year in high school with tingling anticipation. She intended to take part in as many activities as possible, make new friends, gain recognition for achievement. She didn't have to worry about dates because she had Jeff Sutton. But not even in her rosiest dreams had she imagined being asked to join the Nightingales, one of the two exclusive sororities which flourished in spite of the pledges, signed by students and their parents, not to become part of any secret society at Sherwood High. You can imagine how thrilled Jean was when she was rushed by the Nightingales and asked to join them. Being a Nightingale meant being accepted, important and envied; meant lunching each day with her sisters at a special table; dating Sigma boys after school and after Friday night sorority meetings; the assurance of invitations to all the most exciting parties. Little by little, Jean found it also meant being resented by the other students; dating a fraternity boy she did not really like; blind loyalty to girls of whom she didn't approve and standards she questioned; endless shopping to keep up with her sisters; no time for the activities she had planned so eagerly or for Jeff or girls she admired, like Barbara Keller who was not a sorority girl. It took Jean some time to come to a decision but she finally took a dramatic step. Here is a problem right out of high school life presented honestly in a setting that rings true. If you have met the Burnabys in "Senior Year" and "Going Steady," you know what an attractive and very real family they are.

Big Family of Peoples. By IRMEN-GARDE EBERLE. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, \$3.00. For all anyone knows, the blue-eyed girl across the aisle from you at school may number among her unknown ancestors one of the ladies of the court of Cleopatra, the beautiful Egyptian queen; or the English-speaking blond boy in the seat in front may be the descendant of a Greek physician enslaved by the conquering Romans. The mixtures that make up people are so complex that no one knows of all the kinds of people from which he stems. So says Miss Eberle in this fascinating story of human history which will give you broad answers to such questions as: Who am I? How do I happen to be here? Beginning thousands of years ago with one set of our ancestors, clad only in animal hides and wandering along the edge of a wood in southwestern Asia, the author shows simply, clearly, with graphic examples, how mankind changed into people of different races and different nationalities and how these related peoples kept mixing all through the

(Continued on page 7)



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- ☐ Thank him and retreat ☐ Do a repeat

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Are you in the know?



When to tell him your dating curfew?

- ☐ When starting out ☐ Play the waiting game

He planned to top the evening off with a real special eat-treat. But *you're* due home—as of now! Why wait 'til the hours dwindle down to your dating deadline? Break the curfew news when you're starting out. Likewise, when listing sanitary needs, don't wait 'til calendar time to choose Kotex. And remember, that special *safety center* gives you *extra* protection.



Does writing letters help to improve—

- ☐ Your romance ☐ Your chatter ☐ Knock-knees

Bet this stumped you! Any hoo, you *can* whittle fat from the inner knee thusly: Lying on back with leg straight up—"write" letters of the alphabet with your big toe. Repeat with other leg. Get plumpish knees in shape for summer playtogs—and for comfort on certain days, get Kotex: the napkin that *holds* its shape. (Made to *stay* soft while you wear it!)



If you agree to go steady, should you—

- ☐ Forsake all others ☐ Try a part-time plan

Accepting his class ring calls for a huddle as to what going steady will mean. No other bookings? H'm-m. You may miss a lot of fun. Why not try a part-time plan—dating him week-ends and for gay-lah doings? To decide what's best for *you*—when buying Kotex, you need only try *all 3 absorbencies*. There's Regular, Junior, Super . . . suited to different days.

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How to prepare for "certain" days?

- ☐ Circle your calendar ☐ Perk up your wardrobe ☐ Buy a new belt

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers can help. But to assure *extra* comfort, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight Kotex belt's non-

twisting . . . non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. *Dries* pronto! So don't wait 'til the last minute: buy a new Kotex belt *now*. Why not buy *two—for a change!*



KOTEX IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF THE INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS COMPANY

The AMERICAN GIRL

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

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APRIL COVER GIRL



Vivacious Darry Lewis, our April Cover Girl, loves to sew and makes many of her own clothes. She is very active in Scouting and hopes someday to take the Assistant Leader course. On the cover, she wears two pieces of RAR's handsome separates outfit of polished pinline piqué. The "fan-flare" skirt has four accordion-pleated godets alternating with smooth panels. The wide waistband is tied with a velvet belt, about \$7. Matching cap-sleeved blouse has a scalloped neckline brightened with applied daisies, about \$4. Here she wears an alternate blouse in a co-ordinated print, about \$3. Subteen sizes 8-14, all are available at the stores on page 50. Lipstick and nail polish are Dorothy Gray's new "Flamboyant."

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VOLUME XXXV

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NUMBER 4

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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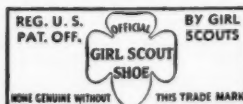


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Books

(Continued from page 3)

centuries. Over and over she makes the point that all men are brothers whether they live in the jungles of Africa, the struggling new cities of Israel, Indian reservations, the banks of the Yangtze, or Back Bay, Boston. Scientists today know that men of black, white, or yellow skin are not even as different from each other as various kinds of birds; for all people are the same species, more different on the outside than on the inside; and given equal opportunities all can develop to the same height in civilization. The story of the development of man and the spread of civilization is told not only in the broad terms of the growth of nations but also in terms of the lives of the people and thumbnail sketches of important men and women are included.

Beany and the Beckoning Road. By LENORA MATTINGLY WEBER. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, \$2.50. The letter from her married sister, Elizabeth, asking Beany Malone to take her small nephew, Martie, back to his California home seemed like the answer to a prayer. For Beany had been yearning hopelessly to get away in order to erase from her mind one Norbert Rhodes, whose charm bracelet she wore. She especially wanted to show him that she could enjoy life without him. Beany and her brother Johnny planned a nice, quick trip in the old Malone car, but almost immediately things began to happen. Who but the Malones would set out for California burdened with a small boy, a mysterious guest who paid her way in food, and a horse who ate tons of oats and wasn't paid for? And to top it all, Beany found that all their troubles—and there were plenty, including their alarming shortness of funds, the temperamental breakdowns of the old car, and a report that they were wanted by the police—didn't make her forget Norbert. Who would think that the gorgeous Cynthia Hobbs, original cause of Beany's misery would bob up in Wyoming hotly pursued by the apparently faithless Norbert? All in all, it was quite a journey, but Beany could honestly say that she came back a bigger and a better person. The delightful Malones made their first appearance in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* some years ago. If you haven't already met them, you should do so without delay in this book and the others, "Meet the Malones," "Beany Malone," and "Leave it to Beany."

The Family Treasure Chest. By HELEN and LARRY EISENBERG. Parthenon Press, \$1.50. Being a family can be much more fun if you plan together to make a game of day-by-day routines, and give thought to family festivals and holiday celebrations. This inexpensive book is designed to help families have more fun together at home and on trips or vacations at very little cost except in thought and effort. Most of the amusement ideas and entertaining games have come from the actual family experiences of real people. There are clever suggestions about interesting things to do, hundreds of actual games, and good ideas for indoor and outdoor fun. A bibliography is also included, listing books of games, parties, music, hobbies, things to make, and general family fun.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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...a thrilling
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READ THESE RULES

1. Any boy or girl not over 19 years of age and living in the United States, Hawaii or Alaska may enter, except employees of Sylvania, its advertising agencies or photolamp dealers and their families.
2. Prints must be in black and white, no smaller than 2 1/4" x 2 1/4" and must not have been previously published commercially.
3. Pictures should illustrate theme "Pets Are Fun". Entries are not restricted to pets belonging to the entrant; pictures may show any animal, fowl, fish, etc., tame or wild, to which the contestant has access for photographing (includes zoos, game preserves, etc.). All entries must be the original work of the contestant.
4. All entries become the property of Sylvania for advertising or publicity purposes and no prints will be returned. Releases must be available from any person shown in picture. Do not send negatives but they must be available on request from prize winners.
5. Entries will be judged by the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation and a panel of photographic experts on the basis of (1) story-telling value of the picture, (2) originality of photograph in expressing "Pets Are Fun" theme, and (3) photographic quality.
6. Pictures must be taken with flashbulbs. You may enter as often as you wish but each picture must be accompanied by (1) the display panel from the outer wrapper of a sleeve of Superflash bulbs and (2) official entry blank or typewritten or printed copy thereof attached to the back of the photograph.
7. Name and address of your Superflash dealer must be listed on every entry blank.
8. Entries must be postmarked not later than April 26, 1952, received not later than May 6, 1952, and addressed to Sylvania "Pets Are Fun" Contest, P. O. Box 167, New York 46, N. Y.
9. While Sylvania will make every reasonable effort to provide for the safety and comfort of the first prize winner and chaperone, Sylvania cannot assume any liability, financial or otherwise, to those persons unless resulting from Sylvania's negligence and will require appropriate releases from such liability.
10. Decision of judges will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of tie. Contest is subject to all federal, state and local regulations. Winners will be notified within approximately one month after final closing date.
11. First prize trip must be taken during June or July of 1952.

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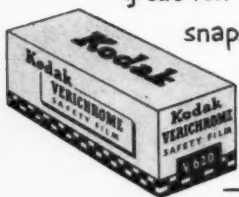
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Vinnie could ride better than she could spin.

Could her quick daring outwit the British?

by MARGARET LEIGHTON

Illustrated by Bill Timmins

ROBIN's hoofs beat a drumming tattoo on the frozen turf of the meadow. Faster, faster! Vinnie leaned forward, gathering the reins on his neck. "Up, boy!" she cried. The big chestnut cleared the high rail fence superbly, with hardly a break in his stride.

"Sure-footed as a cat, I vow and declare!" she told herself. "There won't be a better-mounted dragoon in the troop than our Nat!"

For Vinnie was riding her soldier-brother's horse. He had cared for Robin as a colt, but the animal had been too young to ride when Nat had joined General Washington's courageous little army. Now that army was encamped on the Hudson, doggedly holding the newly formed nation together, against the British threat to split it apart at the river. Any day might bring news of battle echoing northward into this quiet New England countryside.

"He has the bone and legs of a jumper," Nat had said on his last morning at home. "If he were only a year older, what a mount I would have!"

"I'll train him to jump for you," Vinnie had offered, her eyes wide and earnest. "I'll have him ready for you this time next year."

"You?" Nat had laughed and pulled one of the brown curls that escaped from under her fluted muslin cap. "A young female on a jumper? What would Aunt Hortense say to that?"

"Aunt Hortense!" Vinnie echoed heatedly. "'Lavinia, get on with your spinning. Lavinia, mind your manners. Lavinia, rip out this whole seam and sew it again properly.' Oh, we were happy enough before she came here to live with us, just you and Grandfather and me!"

"Someone had to teach a small hoyden how to become a young lady," Nat had laughed again. "But don't worry about me, sweetheart. Grandfather has given me Admiral—a good-enough horse, though no match for what this fellow will be some day."

But when Nat rode away, young and straight in the saddle, Vinnie hadn't forgotten. Hardly a day passed in the months which followed that she did not have Robin out, no matter what the weather. In this she had her grandfather for an ally against Aunt Hortense's horrified protests.



Danger Rides the River Road



Even when she donned a pair of Nat's outgrown doe-skin breeches, the old man had silenced his daughter gruffly. "Let the lass alone. Who else is there on the place who can ride to fences? Not you, nor I, nor old Jabez. The best I can do is fire off my pistol and season the beast to gunpowder. A dragoon's horse can't be trained in petticoats!"

Now Vinnie had circled Robin about to head for the fence again when she saw a figure hurrying toward her through the orchard of leafless apple trees. Beyond, past the barns and sheds, the brick house among its dormant gardens stood enthroned on a little eminence above the bare fields that sloped down to the horseshoe curve of the river. It was Patty, the stout young housemaid, her full skirts and white apron billowing about her and her cap ribbons streaming.

"Miss Lavinia!" she called above the wind. "Miss Vinnie!"

Vinnie guided Robin to her and drew rein. "What is it, Patty?" she asked.

"Mrs. Hortense sent me to fetch you in," Patty said. "The parson's expected for tea and she wants you to get out of"—she broke into a giggle—"them disgraceful pantaloons and into your sprigged muslin in time to pour the tea. And she sent me to the storeroom for a mug of lavender water, too. She said you'd need it to get the smell of horse off you."

Vinnie was shaping a saucy answer when she heard her name called from another quarter. She turned in her saddle. Ten-year-old Benjy Sawyer, son of their nearest neighbor, was running toward them across the frosty stubble field. His cheeks were red, his eyes wide.

"Something's wrong at the Sawyers," Vinnie cried. "What is it, Benjy? What's happened?" She spurred to meet him.

"It's the British!" Benjy shouted, "Ma sent me across the field to warn you. There's British troopers coming by the river road."

Patty clapped her hand to her mouth. "British! Lawk-a-mercy. They'll cut our throats for sure!"

"British!" Vinnie echoed, feeling her heart bound with quick fear. What could bring them so far into this hostile countryside if not to try to capture her grandfather, a well-known and prominent patriot? Praise heaven, he was away, gone on a journey which would take him several days.

"It's horses they're after," Benjy was explaining breathlessly. "They've taken both the saddle mares from Colby's farm already and others from downriver. They're paying the Tories but not the patriots."

Horses? This was different. Grandfather had his own and his manservant's mount with him. Only Toby, the good old plowhorse was in the barnyard. And Robin!

Vinnie's first thought was to gallop straight for the woods and hide there. But to reach them she must cross not only all the open fields, but also the road by which the troopers were coming. She was still shielded from sight by the thin fringe of fruit trees, but she was fairly trapped. If they had passed Sawyers' already, they would be upon her at any moment.

"They *shan't* take Nat's horse!" she cried. Could they pile hay over Robin and conceal him in one of the sheds? No, even if there were time for that it would be useless. The barn and sheds would be the first places raiders would search. But—a wild thought raced through her mind—the last place they would search would be—

No time now to weigh the chances. Vinnie spurred Robin forward, leaving Ben and Patty open-mouthed. Over the box hedge, across the lawn and bare flower beds, she rode the big chestnut and pulled him to a clattering halt on the brick terrace that ran along the back of the house. Dismounting, she flung open the door into the rear of the wide central hall. "Come on, boy—gently, gently—" she urged him, pulling on the reins.

But after one terrified look through the unfamiliar, narrow opening, Robin would not budge. He planted his feet and hauled back on the bit. When Vinnie tugged harder he flung up his head and almost jerked the reins from her hands.

"Come on, old fellow. Oh, please, please!" She pulled again, and this time Robin reared high, ears back, eyes rolling.

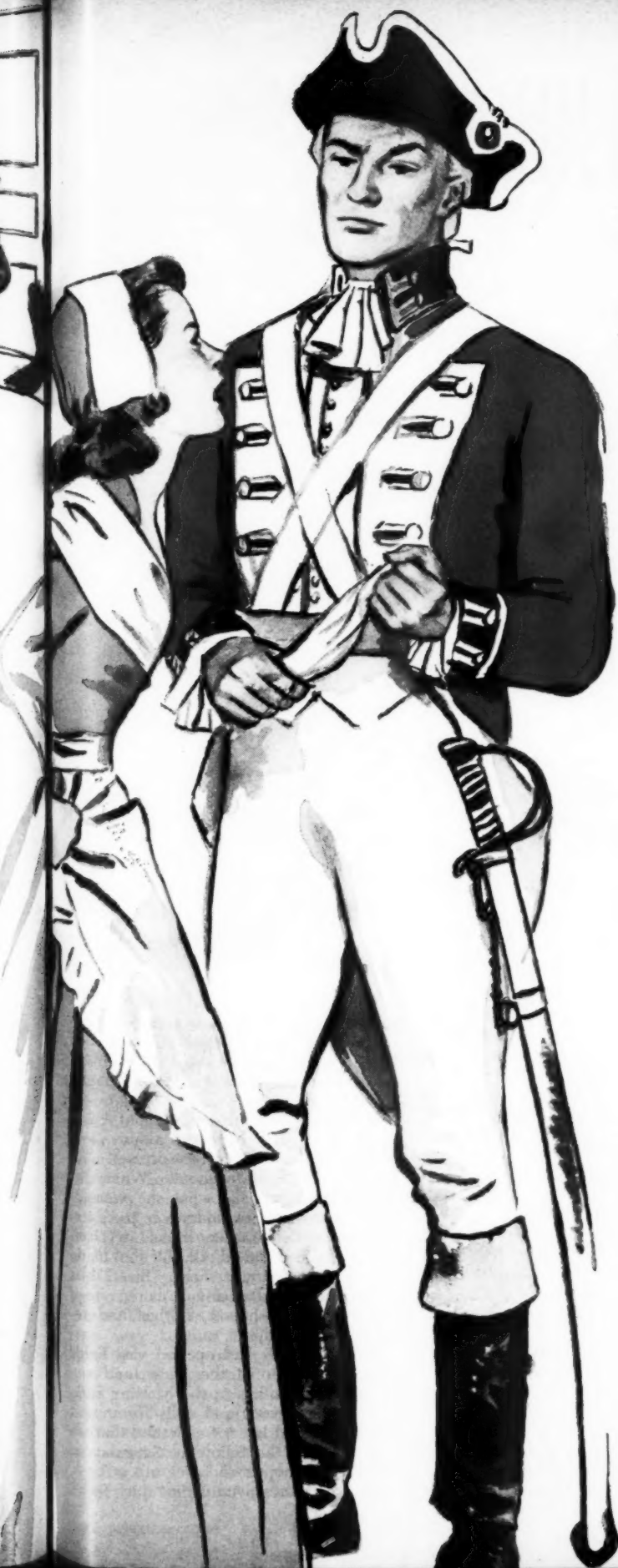
Patty and Ben had now joined her. Patty wrung her hands and flapped her apron ineffectually, while Benjy slapped at Robin's flanks with his hat and was nearly kicked for his pains. He moved farther off, then gave a shout of alarm. "Here they come! I can see their red coats through the willows. Look there, where the road leaves the river to cross your land! It's too late now."

"No!" A memory had flashed into Vinnie's mind. She snatched Patty's apron off, rolled it swiftly, and tied it over Robin's eyes. "That's what Jabez did when the barn took fire and the horses wouldn't come out. Now Robin, dear Robin, come along. Soo-oo, boy."

Blindfolded, Robin became suddenly docile. He allowed himself to be led through the door into the hall, where he stood shifting his hoofs uneasily on the polished floor. His nostrils flared as he drew nervous breaths in and out, sniffing the unfamiliar indoor smells and trembling spasmodically. But he was inside, and the door was shut behind him.

"Lavinia!" Aunt Hortense's voice was a prolonged,

"Please to go away, sir," Vinnie said, and felt her heart race under her tight bodice



shrill shriek as she swept down the stairs, the maroon silk of her gown rustling and the lace-trimmed cap on top of her powdered hair fairly quivering with indignation. "Lavinia, truly this is the last straw. Take that creature out of here this instant!"

"But Aunt, there's no other place to hide him. There are British troopers on the road—Benjy brought word. They're after horses and I won't let them have Nat's Robin."

"British!" Mrs. Hortense shrieked again, but more faintly. She paled and clutched at the newel. "British?"

"You can see them yourself on the river road, ma'am," Patty said. She had opened the door at the opposite end of the hall and was shading her eyes with her hand. "Redcoats, for sure."

"Shut that door and bolt it!" Vinnie cried.

"But they're soldiers with guns and swords," Patty's eyes were filled with terror. "They'll cut all our throats if we anger them, I tell you."

"And if they come to the door there, they can see plain as day through those glass panes on both sides, right here into the back of the hall," Ben pointed out practically.

"It's no use, my poor child," Aunt Hortense said. "Don't be foolish. We must be thankful, at least, that your grandfather is away."

"I will *not* let them have Robin," Vinnie declared desperately, and even while she was saying it another idea came to her. "Help me, Ben." She was pulling the nervous, edgy animal toward another door.

With a swirl of skirts Aunt Hortense swept past her to bar the way. "Not in there. Never will I allow that animal in my own parlor!"

"They've stopped at the gate," Patty cried from her post. "There's an officer and five—no, six men. They're leading near twenty horses already."

Ben ran to join her at the leaded panes beside the door. "There's old Tory Soames with them. He's the one who has been telling them where the best horses are."

"Henry Soames?" The color flared into Aunt Hortense's thin cheeks. "Is that villain behind this?"

"He has seen Robin. He knows how good he is," Vinnie moaned. "Oh, *please* let me hide him in your parlor, Aunt. It's our only chance."

"Very well," Aunt Hortense stepped aside and opened the door herself. "But I shall stay in here with him and make sure he does no harm. Benjamin, you come with me. As for you, Lavinia, I leave it to you to confront them, Miss. I've never told an untruth yet and I shan't begin now. I'll not perjure my soul for any four-legged beast."

Robin was no sooner inside (Continued on page 37)

A FORMAL FOR LIBBA

by ELIZABETH LANSING

Illustrated by Sylvia Haggander

Two boys and two dresses—only a wise girl could make the right choice between them

ONE THING to be said for the Marling family is that every member joins in the joys and sorrows of other Marlings with unrestricted enthusiasm. Even Father, who is the minister of the Community Church of Pemberley, Connecticut, and the dearest, foggiest soul alive, is in there pitching at a crisis. As for Mother, her lifework is the care and feeding of Marlings, so she can always be counted on in the tight pinches.

The day I got the letter from Breck Worthington, inviting me to a dance at St. Stephen's School for Boys, was a time that called for a rallying of all the Marling forces.

In the first place, I, Libba Marling, age fourteen and possessed of potato-colored hair and a pug nose that lends itself to freckles, have not been over-indulged with invitations to dances. Now if I were my sister Jane, nineteen, golden-haired and gaspingly beautiful, I would have been able to take this invitation with aplomb. Jane has been to dances at every boys' school in New England and is now covering the college circuit.

My brother Jud hardly counts at such times. His social consciousness hasn't risen above the point of making faces at the girls in his class at school. Besides, as every girl possessed of a twelve-year-old brother knows, there is little sympathy to be had from them.

When the letter came we were all at the lunch table, so the first shock of its contents struck the whole family at once. It read:

Dear Libba, The school is throwing what it laughingly calls a Junior Hop on March sixteenth. That's three weeks from today. Would you like to come? (Would I! My heart was already leaping like a gazelle.) The Head, Dr. Campbell, says that he and his wife will be happy to put you up at their house for the night. I understand that Miss Melanie Norton will also be among those present. I wouldn't care, but perhaps you will be interested to know that she will be staying at the Campbell's, too, or so I believe. Let me know so I can make arrangements.

BRECK WORTHINGTON.

I was red as a boiled beet when I finished this epistle. My emotions were mixed, for good and many reasons. Breck Worthington lives in New York, but every summer he comes with his family to Weston, a fashionable summer resort on the shore about ten miles from Pemberley. Lots of wealthy New Yorkers inhabit the place in the summer, and the Worthingtons are among the wealthiest. So are the Nortons, who also come from New York and boast a fifteen-year-old daughter, Melanie by name.

I had met Breck and Melanie the summer before when the Westonites threw a dance at the Country Club and invited some of the local yokels to attend. Breck struck my roving eye at once. He's sixteen, blond, and blue-eyed. I drew him in a Paul Jones and we bandied a few jaunty words. He must have found my innocent chatter amusing for he danced with me several times.

But most of the time Breck danced with Melanie Norton. In all fairness I can't blame him. She is one of those girls who make life difficult for other girls. Her hair is black as night and curls naturally. Her face is a judicious mixture of cream and roses. Her figure is neat and small. She only needs to look at a boy and he is her slave. So I couldn't help wondering why Breck had asked me instead of Melanie to the Junior Hop.

I didn't let it worry me long. The exciting truth was that he *had* asked me. I showed Breck's letter to Mother and Jane. Jud read it over Mother's shoulder.

"This Worthington guy must be a cluck to ask *you* to a dance," said Jud.

"I suppose—" began Mother.

Jane interrupted. "Let her go. St. Stephen's is only about forty miles from here. Father knows Dr. Campbell and he could drive Libba over."

I bounced hopefully in my chair and watched Mother's face. The frown of thought smoothed away from her forehead and she nodded.

I launched myself on Mother and hugged her hard. "Now what shall I wear?" I asked.

It was a distressing problem and no mistake. The only formal I possessed was a pink one that had once belonged to



Jane. It was one of those taffeta models that came in with the Ark and has been lingering around ever since. In Pemberley it was possible, but at St. Stephen's it would never do.

Mother began murmuring about "making it over," Jane pondered aloud about cutting down one of her dresses, and Jud had the gall to shout, "What difference does it make what she wears?"

I was about to explode over Jud's imbecility, when Father broke in. Evidently he had heard all, for he made this startling announcement: "Buy Libba a new dress." Before any of us recovered from our astonishment, Father had retired to his study.

But his words had opened vast fields of speculation to Mother, Jane, and me. Buying new clothes in the Marling family is a rare event and calls for united consultation. At last it was settled that we would go on the following Saturday to Ye Modele Shoppe and pick out a dress. I lived in a dream until that day. But I



My flaring dress caught under Melanie's heel and the seam ripped wide open

woke up long enough to pen an answer to Breck, accepting his invitation.

On Saturday morning we set out for Ye Modele Shoppe. It's the only place in Pemberley where you can hope to get a dress of distinction. Right in the window was a dress that was just meant for Libba Marling. It was emerald satin with yards of skirt flaring over crinoline and a low, looping neckline. I communicated my yearning for it to Mother and Jane.

"Good heavens!" was Mother's reaction. "Much too sophisticated for you, Libba," was Jane's.

I sighed and followed them into the shop. The dress they wanted to buy for me was another taffeta-and-tulle job, modestly cut about the collarbone.

I looked at Jane with anguished eyes. She read my message with sisterly understanding. "I suppose it would do no harm to let her try on the green satin," she suggested.

The dress did things for me I hadn't thought possible. It was somewhat nerve-

racking to keep the neckline in place, but I held my breath and watched Mother's face. She must realize, I told myself, that the green satin was my only hope of competing with Melanie Norton.

But Mother started to give that fatal shake of her head.

"Jane could wear it, too," I burst out in desperation. "It would last me for years, and Jane, too."

Jane looked at Mother. They both sighed, then reluctantly nodded.

"Thank you," I murmured gratefully.

In the weeks that led up to March sixteenth I lived in a happy fog of anticipation. I had my bag packed days beforehand, and on the actual day I was all ready and waiting by ten o'clock.

"You aren't starting until after lunch," said Mother.

I merely nodded. It seemed foolish to explain that I wanted to be ready in plenty of time. I saw Jane go into my room to make my bed which I had overlooked in my excitement. I even heard

her rummaging through my suitcase to make sure that I hadn't forgotten anything. As if I had! Nevertheless Jane spent a lot of time in my room and it sounded as though she were repacking everything.

Right after lunch Father headed back for his study, but I caught him at the door. Of course he had forgotten he was to drive me to St. Stephen's, and the whole thing had to be explained to him all over again. At last we got him behind the wheel of the family car, and we were off. Mother and Jane waved good-by. Jud leaned out a window and bellowed, "Knock 'em cold, kid!"—a message that scarcely suited the occasion, but he meant well, I suppose.

We reached St. Stephen's about four, long before I had thought up any casual remarks to toss at Breck by way of greeting. The school is a mass of red-brick buildings strung along the main street of a small town. The Campbells' house is at the end of the (Continued on page 30)



Which Way - in Advertising?

by SARAH SPLAVER

RESearch, selling, copy writing, art—which road you follow in your career in advertising will depend on your particular talents, qualities, interests. Advertising has come a long way from its early bunk and ballyhoo days to stand now as an important element in the promotion of business.

In a nutshell, here are the four types of organizations who employ advertising people: First, the advertisers—manufacturers, retail stores, producers. Second—radio, newspapers, magazines, television which are called media organizations. Advertising service and supply houses, a third group, are composed of type-setters, printers, engravers. They service the other three. Perhaps most familiar to you is type four, the advertising agency which serves both advertisers and media.

Suppose we take an imaginary stroll through an advertising agency to get a picture of how these advertising organi-

zations work and where in this glamour field you may want to go. Today's advertising agency consists of a group of professional ad men and women whose chief function is to create ads and to conduct campaigns which will result in more people buying their clients' products. The client is the advertising agency's customer. He pays the agency for popularizing his wares.

Regardless of the size of the agency, certain types of jobs must be accomplished, specifically: **contact work, research, writing, art, media buying, and production.** Some agencies consist of a mere handful of people, each of whom must be skilled in handling more than one type of job; others (like the one we are about to visit) have several hundred employees, each a specialist in a field. Let's open the door.

If you are super at selling, your thoughts may soar to a job as an account execu-

tive, in which you will act as the intermediary or bond between the client and the agency. However, in making this job your goal, do remember that women account executives are very rare. They are found mostly in agencies whose clients produce cosmetics, fashions, food and home products.

Agencies refer to the clients and their products as "accounts." The account executive supervises all the agency activities pertaining to her accounts. She is a top saleswoman plus a dignified representative of her agency. In a large agency, she may have assistants, called junior account executives, to aid her in planning each client's campaign.

Experience and personality—these are the two basic requirements for either job, and they take precedence over a college degree. Cub reporting, soliciting ads for the home-town paper, sales promotions, copy writing, and any similarly

Rate yourself on these—enthusiasm, salesmanship, curiosity, creative ability—then pick your path

allied activity provide good background for the potential junior account executive. The importance of tact, poise, a calm disposition, and the ability to get along well with people cannot be overstressed.

"Do you eat Crunchy Cereal for breakfast, and if so, why, and if not, why not?" You will put hundreds of questions like this to the average housewife, the man on the street, the teen-agers on your block, if you are a research worker. Statisticians, senior and junior researchers, tabulators, and interviewers make up an agency research department.

They delve into the mystery of what people buy, why they buy it, and where they buy it. They prepare and conduct surveys by mail, phone, and personal interviews. And then, too, they work with the scads of statistics obtained from government publications, trade journals, and information services.

Girls seem to be well adapted to this type of work, and so the distaff side is amply represented in research departments. College graduates are preferred, with economics, math, and statistics majors most welcome. The small agency might accept you with the ink barely dry on your diploma; but not the large ones—they want some previous experience in interviewing or constructing charts or graphs for a research project. The girl with a sense of responsibility, insatiable curiosity, and a desire for truth may find that her niche in the research department can serve as a good springboard to an eventual administrative post.

Words that dance, words that dazzle, words that sell a product to the public are the tools of the advertising writer. She may be a copy writer, publicity writer, or a radio and television commercial writer. The writers of copy (wordage that accompanies the art work in an ad) and the writers of commercials (you've seen and heard plenty of those) directly aim to sell their clients' products. Publicity writers, on the other hand, seek to focus the spotlight on their clients, particularly through good-will activities, and thus indirectly sell their clients' wares.

Have you an extensive vocabulary? Are you thoroughly acquainted with the rules of grammar and punctuation? Do you love to write? Fine. But to be a good copy writer you must be able to endow words with a magnetic force that will pull the reader to your ad and keep him there until he has read it all and wants to buy that product.

Writers in big agencies may have worked for a mail-order house, a small agency, or in the advertising division of a department store; or they might have been on the staff of a small-town newspaper. The rank of the initial position which a girl accepts at a large agency is unimportant. What is important is that she must get her foot in the door. Then, if she has that necessary creative spark, she will in due time find her proper place. The girls have proven their mettle and comprise a good percentage of many of the copy-writing departments.

The writers of radio or television commercials must cram into a few minutes of time what the copy writers must fit into certain allotted space in a magazine or newspaper. Since her message is for the ear alone, the radio commercial writer hasn't the help of color and art as do the magazine and newspaper copy writers. She depends upon dramatic appeal and repetition of her product's name in order to get the message across to the listeners.

The writers of television commercials have a unique combination of both pictures and sound.

Frequently, commercials are woven into the radio and television scripts and the ad agency might be commissioned to produce the entire show. The writer then collaborates with producers, directors, script writers, actors, and actresses.

Pictures with pulling power are what we see in the agency art department. How often have you seen ads without pictures? They are quite rare. As a matter of fact, there are some ads which depend almost entirely upon art work—billboards, for example. Like the copy writer, the artist aims to attract the public to his ad and thereby sell the product he is advertising. (Continued on page 32)

From top to bottom:

1. Working with ideas on your school yearbook is valuable groundwork
2. Research takes a head for figures, curiosity, and interest in people
3. Artists specialize in layout, design, finished art work, or photographs
4. A small newspaper is a good place to start your copywriting career
5. Top experience is required for production jobs in radio and TV
6. Many advertising people start small and work into bigger positions





The Outsider

First Poetry Award

*Small, slender, and timid, she
Stands unnoticed by all who tread
On the familiar school grounds, where
Groups of boys and girls pause to chat,
Laugh, and then
Move on to greet their other pals; and
She, outside of all this banter,
Strains her neck to catch
A glimpse of the luckier girls, who
Nonchalantly flit from group to group,
Like
Moths gathering about a bright light in
the darkness, they
Shower forth their boundless energy to
exchange their
Insignificant bits of gossip; but only
She, alone and friendless, cannot even
hope to join this
Chattering crowd as they mill toward the
corner drugstore, where
As before, they chatter away, like
Long-lost friends after a reunion, and
She is left alone, with her thoughts
And her dreams.*

SHIRLEY WOLF (age 14) Brooklyn, New York

SOMETHING NEW!

Your original photographs will be considered for publication in the By You pages of the August issue. For details, see rules for By You entries, page 42.



Art Award

BARBARA EVANS (age 12) Berkeley, California

Here is your own department in the magazine. Watch for the announcements each month and send us your best original short stories, poems, nonfiction, photographs, and drawings. See page 42 for details

Naushon, Isle of Beauty

First Nonfiction Award

The most beautiful place I have ever seen, and one I shall always remember, is Naushon Island. Here, on a small island near Cape Cod, is an endless variety of beautiful sights. The beaches are smooth, with clean blue waves breaking. Low, flat plains are surmounted by bushy hills which rise regally toward the sky. There are dark, mysterious swamps and eerie ghost forests with long-dead trees, white and alone. Huge groves of fir trees with a carpet of needles at their feet, gnarled old trees perfect for climbing, and small, newly planted oaks rise from the fertile soil. The island is perfect, without a flaw. How can I describe the entrance to the harbor with its many turns, around each corner some new delight? When at last the inner harbor is reached, you are scarcely prepared for the steeply rising banks, friendly gray wharves, and graceful, gleaming boats. The harbor is at its best in the evening when the quiet reflections of banks and boats, the deepening gray twilight, soft lap of water, and cry of gulls make anything but placidity and rest very remote. Who could possibly imagine the breathtaking beauty of the first backward glance from the top of the highest hill? The panorama of the gentle slope to the white beach, the oh-so-blue water dotted with tiny yellow islands, the azure sky with torn pieces of white clouds floating lazily, a full-rigged sailboat, is perfection itself.

Here, with flawless artistry, God has created a masterpiece.

GAIL SMYTHE (age 15) Mattapoisett, Massachusetts

Arbutus

First Poetry Award

*Trailing on the forest floor,
Arbutus lies;
Fragrance like melody,
Beauty of the stars.*

SUSAN HUNTER (age 14) Cloquet, Minnesota

HONORABLE MENTION

POETRY: Susan Beatty (age 11) Raleigh, N. C.
FICTION: Barbara Lee (age 13) Honolulu, Hawaii
NONFICTION: Solveig Lokensgard (age 14) Winona, Minn.

The Red Jacket

First Fiction Award

"You'll have to decide," Peggy said. Carol shifted her feet uneasily. Why was Margaret being so unreasonable? Now if their positions had been reversed—

"Well?" Peggy's hands were clenched, her color rising. "Who is it going to be, me—or him?"

Carol couldn't answer.

Now, a half hour later, she was staring with



First Art Award

LINDA DEAN (age 15) Long Beach, California

intensity into the mirror, as if expecting the answer from the reflected image looking back. But no help came. This she would have to decide for herself.

Not so very long ago she and Peggy had been inseparable. Then their ribboned braids had bobbed along at almost the same level.

Carol was taller now, and slimmer. She grew up almost overnight—"like a weed" her mother said—and her arms and legs had stretched, pulling the excess weight with them.

Her face had lost its roundness. It was rather thin, and the skin pulled tightly over her cheekbones made her dark brown eyes seem enormous.

Strange, she thought, I labeled myself gangling and awkward, envying Peggy, but Tommy called her (Continued on page 40)

Whisk through washdays by following these time-tested laundry techniques

By BETTY BROOKS

PROBABLY you never saw Grandma on washday, poking the white linens into the wash boiler with a wooden stick, or cranking the hand wringer between two tubs. There are several good, modern reasons why you'll never have to live through Grandma's Monday washday blues! Hot water is now more generally available; washing machines are here to stay; improved soaps and synthetic detergents work more efficiently than ever before; and manufacturers are providing better washing information on fabrics. Because you will be caring for your own clothes more and more, you'll want a few basic directions to guide you.

First let's consider what you'll be washing. "Oh," you say, "cotton, nylons, silks, woolen things, and lots of rayon!" But the washing can't be divided up as neatly as that, for the fiber in a fabric isn't a reliable guide to its washability. For instance, a pebbly crepe may have been woven or finished so it will lose its crinkles in water or shrink up into even more exaggerated puckers. What counts most is the actual construction of the fabric: how it was woven or knit, dyed, and finished. Here's what to look for in the construction of the fabric:

Colorfastness. Look for a label indicating this. Fabric made of yarn that was dyed before the weaving is likely to be colorfast. Prints superimposed on solid colors may wash nicely, but the label will tell you for certain. If you don't have the label, make a quick, easy test for colorfastness yourself. Soak a corner of the garment or fabric briefly in warm water and blot on a white cloth. If no dye floats out, or if there's only a slight tinge of dye on the cloth, the fabric should be safe in suds. Certain sturdy fabrics wash wonderfully but bleed some excess dye into the suds and rinse water: corduroys and blue jeans, for example. That doesn't mean you can't wash them. Just keep colors separate from each other in the tub or washer and use fresh soapsuds for each color.

Shrinkage. Look for labels that mention washability and the amount of shrinkage to be expected. A manufacturer who



Shrinkproof garments like the nylon sweater shown here can be eased to original shape by gentle hand smoothing



To make ironing white trimmings easier run large basting stitches along edges before washing. Remove after pressing

Plenty of fresh soapsuds, lukewarm water, gentle squeezing is sweater-washing wisdom



wants to label his goods "preshrunk" has to conform to a Government regulation that says a garment so labeled will not shrink more than 5 per cent. The "Sanforized" process guarantees not more than 2 per cent of shrinkage left in the cloth.

Weave or Knit. Remember that a closely woven, smooth, firm fabric will keep its shape better than a loosely woven one. Though they may both wash, the latter type of cloth needs gentler handling and more stretching or reshaping during drying and ironing.

Just as you have to understand the construction of a fabric (dye, weave, "body") you have to watch for the construction of the garment itself. Don't take it for granted that because a garment is made of a guaranteed washable fabric, it will wash. This holds true only if the garment has been made wholly with washable findings, such as lining, seam bindings, buttons, belt. lined corduroy (Continued on page 34)

Let's Launder

CONCLUSION

"HEY, WAIT FOR ME!" Mike Bradley's voice stopped Penny in her tracks at the top of the school steps.

As he caught up with her a second later, she asked, "Did you take me for Pam?"

Mike denied this, a pointed edge to his tone. "I can tell you from Pam all right, even if I haven't seen much of you lately."

That was true enough. Penny had been avoiding him. It seemed that every time she saw him around school, Pam was right there beside him, laughing beguilingly up into his face, using all her wiles on him, just as she had said she was going to do. It wasn't a sight Penny found easy to watch.

"What gives?" Mike demanded bluntly. "Am I poison?"

"Of course not," Penny told him. "I've been busy."

"Yeah, I know," Mike said. "But there's something I want to ask you. Couldn't we stop in the park a little while?"

It would be something concerning Pam, Penny felt sure. Every instinct within her strained against listening to Mike's confidences. But she couldn't very well refuse, so she let him take her where he wished. This turned out to be a bench near the little lake, with birds singing in the tall old trees overhead and a gray squirrel, fat and saucy, frisking close to their feet.

Penny saw no point in dodging the issue. "It looks as if you're all set with Pam again, just as you wanted."

Mike's blue gaze was disconcertingly direct. "Who said anything about Pam?"

"Why, no one," Penny admitted in surprise. "But—"

Mike broke in, "It's us I want to talk about. You," he touched the top button of her jacket, "and me."

"But—" Penny groped, "I don't understand."

"I'm not surprised," Mike admitted. "The way I've acted, it would confuse Einstein." He leaned a little nearer and Penny was acutely aware of his arm, stretched along the back of the bench behind her, not touching her, but close. He went on, "A guy hates to come right out and admit he's been a big dope. But how else can you describe one who takes



Double Date

by ROSAMOND DU JARDIN
Illustrated by John Fernie

months to realize which girl he likes best? I've been batting my brains for weeks, looking for a reasonable way to explain it to you. The thing is, Penny—" he frowned, "well, I was dazzled by Pam. That was all it ever amounted to, but I was so dazzled, I managed to convince myself there was more to it than that."

Penny shut her eyes for a minute, trying to get her bearings, trying to believe she was really hearing what she seemed to be hearing. But she opened them as Mike attempted again, haltingly, to put into words how the magic Pam held for him had dimmed, how he had finally realized that Penny's friendship was more important than anything between Pam and him.

"I should have known sooner," Mike apologized. "The way we always like to talk and kick ideas around; the way we think alike about so many things. But, no. Thick-headed, that's me."

"You're not," Penny denied. "You're not a bit."

Pam had always dazzled people; she always would. Penny was glad, though, that Mike was undazzled at last.

"For weeks," he told her, "I've been trying to let you know I'd come to my senses. I felt kind of self-conscious about asking you for a real date after taking you for granted so long. But I haven't been dating Pam. And I don't intend to." Penny's happiness must have shown in her face. Because Mike's tone dipped a husky note lower as he said, "Penny, if you don't stop looking at me like that, I'll—"

His hand closed over hers and Penny's fingers felt perfectly at home curled up there. She said, her voice not too steady, "Pam simply isn't going to believe this."

"Do you suppose it'll convince her if I invite you to the prom?" Mike asked. "Will you go with me, Penny?"

She nodded. "I'd love to, Mike." Suddenly, though, she remembered something and exclaimed, "Golly, I'll have to get my name out of the Prom Dates file!"

"Relax," Mike chuckled. "I took care of that. Figured if you turned me down, I could sneak it back in."

They sat for a time quietly, not needing words to express the new, warm understanding between them. Penny thought it wasn't really so strange that Mike had taken a long while to realize that their friendship was more than it seemed. She hadn't realized it herself; she had been afraid to hope too much.

"Oh," Mike spoke suddenly, "there was something else I was going to tell you. Headlines Club has put up your name for prom queen."

"My name?" Penny gasped incredulously.

Each club had the privilege of nominating a candidate for the coveted honor. Only seniors were eligible to vote, and the girl receiving the most votes became queen, the six next highest girls her court of attendants. All the most popular girls in the class were among the nominees, including Pam.

"Don't sound so flabbergasted," Mike teased. "You're pretty darn' popular, especially since you dreamed up the Prom Dates idea."

But Penny shook her head. "I won't stand a chance." Still it was wonderfully flattering to be nominated.

Mike walked home with her and when they got there they lingered on the front porch, talking and laughing, as Penny had seen Pam and some boy do so many times. It wasn't until she went into the house and up the stairs to her room that she realized Pam was already home.

"What in the world," Pam asked, "were you and Mike talking about so long out there?"

Penny told her, her eyes shining. "Headlines nominated me for prom queen. Can you imagine?"

"Penny, how swell!" There was no doubting the sincerity of Pam's delight as she hugged Penny.

"And Mike asked me to the prom," Penny went on, her glance a little questioning now on Pam's face.

"Mike—asked—you?" Pam repeated, her arm dropping away from Penny's shoulder, an expression of astonishment on her face. As Penny nodded, the look of surprise changed to quick anger. "Of all the double crosses!" Pam exclaimed, her eyes blazing. "Going after Mike behind my back!"

"I didn't!" Penny felt anger to match Pam's rising within her. She had meant to be diplomatic, to try to make Pam understand. But if Pam wanted to be mean about the situation, she could be mean, too. She heard her own voice, as though it belonged to some total outsider, saying coolly, "Mike came after me. It's not as if you owned him, you know. I guess he has a right to make up his own mind."

Pam's eyes widened. Obviously, this was not the attitude she had expected in Penny. For a moment she was speechless. And Penny took advantage of that moment.

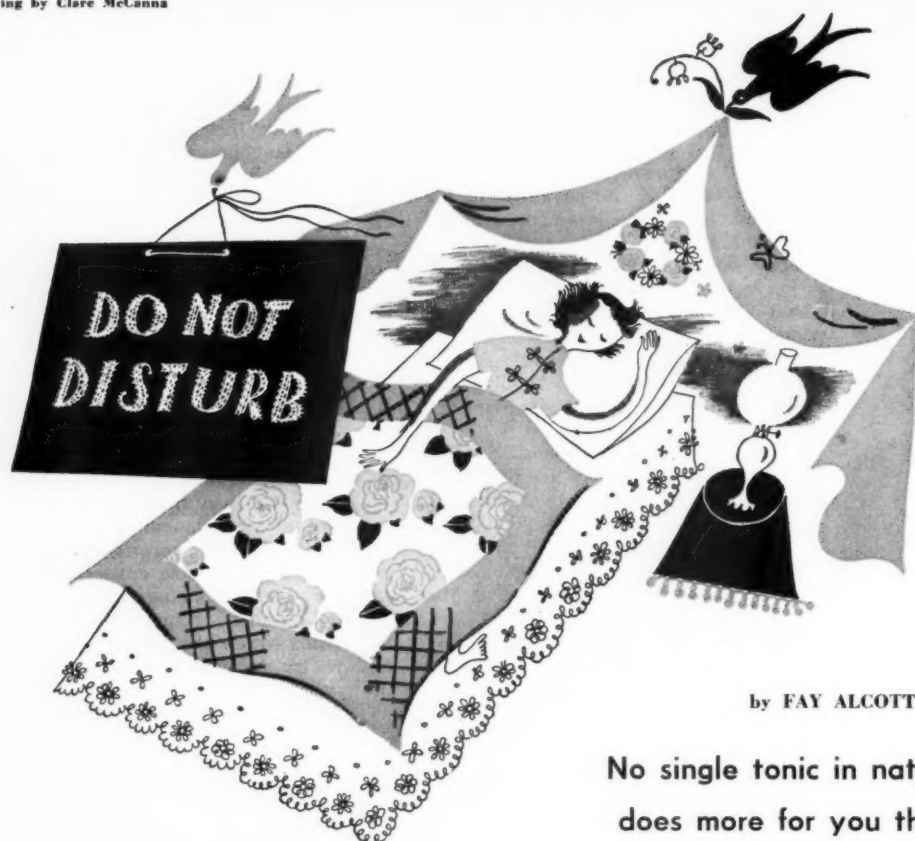
She said, "If you'll just listen and not go blowing your top, I'll tell you what happened." And she proceeded to do so. As she talked, she felt her own anger fading. Why should she be angry with Pam? Why should Pam be angry with her? She tried hard to make clear just what her relationship with Mike was—a friendship which had grown gradually to be something more than that; an understanding and congeniality that had brought them closer and closer together.

Finally Pam asked, and she didn't sound so angry anymore, just indignantly questioning, "But if you two were gone on each other, why didn't you warn me when I told you I was going after him? Why did you just let me go ahead?"

Penny knew then that it was Pam's pride that had been hurt, nothing deeper. And she was glad. She assured Pam, "I didn't know how Mike felt till today. I thought it was just me." She admitted, "It's the most absolutely wonderful thing that ever happened to me, Pam. And when I think of going to the prom with Mike—" she broke off to smile at Pam mistily. "You don't really care, do you, with so many other boys to choose among?"

Suddenly Pam smiled, too. She reached out to lay her hand briefly on Penny's. "Not really, I guess. It's just that it's kind of startling to have you take a boy away from me. But, in a way, I'm glad it happened. You certainly shouldn't lack confidence in yourself after this."

They laughed then, both of them, warm, healing laughter. And it seemed to Penny that the closeness between them was a finer thing for the subtle shifting of values (Continued on page 49)



by FAY ALCOTT

No single tonic in nature's store does more for you than sleep

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, who seemed to have known more about almost anything than any man ever writing in the English language, had a great deal to say about sleep. Whenever the men or women in his plays were in tragic or unhappy circumstances, they found time in the midst of all their woes to relate the wonders a good night's sleep can do for you. Such lovely lines as "O sleep, O gentle sleep, Nature's soft nurse!" or "... sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care..." have become immortal because they are true. Mr. S. knew as well as any doctor does that no matter what has happened to you during the day, a good night's sleep is the best of all possible medicines.

No one knows exactly what happens to you when that magic moment arrives which is called "going to sleep." It has long been established that when you are normally asleep, your heart action slows down, your breathing takes on a different rhythm and quality, and your muscles relax. But beyond these physical manifestations amazingly little is known of the deeper secrets of normal sleep, which, of course, is a very different thing from the artificially induced sleep you are in when under an anesthetic. That is a form of paralysis of the nervous system so that you not only lose consciousness but can feel no pain, even of the most

extreme sort. In normal sleep you would wake instantly if anyone so much as pinched you, just as you do when the alarm goes off or someone calls you.

The most important thing to remember about sleep is that we all need it. It is nature's mysterious method of re-energizing our machinery for living. The younger you are, the more sleep nature says you must have to aid your growth and to keep your machinery in good working order. When you were a baby and were busy growing at a fantastic rate, you slept at least half and more of the twenty-four hour day. (In the beginning, of course, you slept practically all the time.) Now that you are almost full-grown, you still need more sleep than an adult, so be sure you get nine or, better still, ten hours every night. Life can be pretty exciting during these teenage years and spending so much time in sleep seems a dull way to pass them. But when you understand how much depends on it, perhaps you won't mind so much getting off to bed at a sensible hour. It is in sleep that you build up your nervous strength and immunity to disease. It is in sleep that you have a respite from all the little worries, the problems which affect your health by making you cross and jittery, which in turn affects your digestion, takes the sparkle out of your eyes and the fresh, clear look from your

complexion. Overfatigue, both physical and mental, can be a devastating matter from the standpoint of your health, and sleep is its only cure.

The way you sleep is important, too, as is the way you prepare for it. Because your heart does slow down, your body temperature is lowered; so be sure that you always have sufficient covering. Even in the hottest weather, when one sheet seems almost more than you can bear, you should have a lightweight summer blanket at the foot of the bed to pull up in those always-chill hours before dawn. In cold weather you must be the judge of just how much warmth you need; but remember, it's warmth you want—not weight. In bitter weather it is better to wear a flannel nightgown or pajamas to hold your body heat rather than to weight yourself down with piles of blankets or comforters.

We have said, too, that in sleep our breathing changes its quality and rhythm. Just as your heart slows down, so does your breathing. It has been proven that asleep you breathe in less oxygen than you do when you are awake; at the same time you exhale more carbon dioxide, which is made from the accumulation of waste products carried by the blood stream from all over your system to the lungs, where they are dissipated into the air we breathe (Continued on page 42)

Carefree Cottons

4731: This big-wheel skirt and cool blouse are so easy to sew that you can have several versions. Pattern includes directions for the tulip or a daisy applique. For sizes 11-17. In size 13, skirt takes $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 35" material; the blouse, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards

9328: A lovely summer frock, with an especially becoming collar, for sizes 11-17. Choose a figured or solid-color cotton for it; or, for a Special-Event number, try one of the rusty taffetized fabrics. Size 13 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 39" material

9049: Cap sleeves ending in a narrow shoulder yoke, and a bodice with a slit back are smart touches in a party frock that would be pretty as a picture in cotton, silk, or a taffetized material. Sizes 11-17. Size 13 calls for $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 35" fabric

9197: Summer's three S's—shorts, shirt, skirt—are all in this set for sizes 10-16. Combine the wrap skirt, in plain chambray, with shorts and shirt of cotton check. In size 12, skirt needs $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards, shirt and shorts $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards, of 35" material



9197

9328

Each Pattern 30¢

Drawing by Florence Maier

These patterns may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, be sure to enclose the correct amount for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay the postage. For your convenience there is a clip-out order blank on page 50



4731

9049

THE AMERICAN GIRL



EVERY imaginable kind of egg recipe descended upon this month's exchange! Hundreds were received, proving beyond any doubt that eggs certainly are top favorites with AMERICAN GIRL readers.

Spring is the season when eggs are most plentiful and least expensive, so now is a good time to try the recipes we are giving you here. Be sure to keep two things in mind: First, eggs should always be stored in a refrigerator or other cool place; second, keep the heat low when cooking them, and they will co-operate by staying delicate in flavor, tender, and appetizing.

For the July Recipe Exchange we are asking for Summer Drinks. Send us the recipe you like best to make—it can be for party refreshment, or a family hot-weather favorite. Try out your recipe or check it very carefully before sending it in. For each recipe printed in the magazine we pay \$1.00. See page 50 for details.

HAM-AND-EGG PUFF

A dish that is quick and easy to prepare, and practically a meal in itself. The tapioca and bread crumbs help keep the puff from falling, but it is best to serve it as soon as it comes from the oven.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 tablespoon quick-cooking tapioca | 1 cup soft bread crumbs |
| ¼ teaspoon salt | 1 tablespoon butter |
| ¼ teaspoon pepper | 1 cup ground cooked ham |
| ¾ cup milk | 4 eggs, separated |

Combine tapioca, salt, pepper, and milk in top of double boiler. Cook 8 to 10 minutes, stirring constantly, until slightly thickened. Add crumbs and butter and mix well. Cool slightly, and add ham. Beat egg yolks well and stir into ham mixture. Beat egg whites stiff and gently fold into first mixture. Turn into hot, greased 9-inch skillet and cook over low heat 3 minutes. Transfer to moderate oven (350°) and cook 15 to 20 minutes, or until lightly browned. Serves 6.

Sent by SHIRLEY EFTERFIELD,
Argyle, Minnesota

BAKED EGGS IN MACARONI

A simple, hearty luncheon or supper dish, high in essential food elements, and easy on the budget.

EGGS

by JUDITH MILLER

- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 tablespoon butter | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 1 tablespoon flour | ¼ teaspoon pepper |
| 1 cup milk | 2 cups hot cooked macaroni |
| ½ cup grated American cheese | 4 eggs |

Melt butter, stir in flour. Gradually add milk and cook 5 minutes, stirring constantly, until smooth and thick. Add cheese and seasonings, and cook over low heat until cheese is melted. Place macaroni in buttered baking dish and cover with cheese sauce. Make four hollows in macaroni and carefully drop a whole egg into each depression. Bake in moderate oven (350°) 15 minutes, or until eggs are set. Serves 4.

Sent by CONNIE CLINTON,
Princeton, New Jersey

NORWEGIAN SOUFFLE

This dessert soufflé is delicate and delicious. But it won't wait for the family, so coax the family to wait for it, if necessary.

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------------------------|
| ¼ cup butter | ½ cup sugar |
| ¼ cup flour | ½ cup finely chopped pecans |
| ¼ teaspoon salt | 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| 1 cup milk | 3 egg whites |
| 3 egg yolks | |

Melt butter in top of double boiler. Stir in flour and salt, mixing well. Add milk gradually, stirring constantly. Cook until mixture becomes a thick paste. Combine well-beaten egg yolks, sugar, pecans, and vanilla, and mix thoroughly. Add flour mixture and stir until thoroughly blended. Beat egg whites stiff, and fold first mixture carefully, but thoroughly, into them. Turn into greased casserole, place in pan of hot water. Bake in moderate oven (350°) until set (about one hour or until knife inserted in center comes out clean). Serve at once with whipped cream flavored with grated lemon rind. Serves 5 or 6.

Sent by ANN JENSEN, Marshall,
Illinois

FISH-AND-EGG SHORTCAKE

For extra flavor, chopped mushrooms, pimientos, or peas, and a dash of marjoram and tarragon, may be added to this shortcake. It's tasty, and very filling!

- | | |
|------------------------|---|
| 4 tablespoons butter | ½ teaspoon salt |
| 1 medium onion chopped | Dash cayenne pepper |
| ½ cup chopped celery | 4 hard-cooked eggs |
| 4 tablespoons flour | 1 8-oz. can salmon, tuna, crabmeat, or other fish, flaked |
| 2 cups milk | |

Make a pan of corn bread, using your regular recipe or a quick mix.

While it is baking, melt butter in top of double boiler. Add onion and celery and cook over direct heat until tender. Place over boiling water, add flour, and stir until blended. Gradually add milk and cook, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Add seasonings. Chop 3 of the eggs and add, with the fish, to the cream sauce. Cut corn bread into squares and split; pour creamed mixture between halves of squares and over top. Garnish with slices of the remaining hard-cooked egg. Serves 6.

Sent by VIRGINIA MOSS, New Iberia,
Louisiana

PICKLED EGGS

Something special for the lunch box, and nice for a buffet supper, too.

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 12 hard-cooked eggs | 1 cup sugar |
| 1 medium onion, sliced | 1 cup water |
| 1 cup vinegar | 1 teaspoon mixed pickling spices |
| | 1 teaspoon salt |

Shell eggs and prick in several places with a fork. Put in a deep dish or crock with the onion. Combine remaining ingredients and boil for five minutes. Pour, while hot, over eggs. Store at least 36 hours in refrigerator before serving. If left in the pickling mixture, the eggs will keep several weeks in the refrigerator.

Sent by PHYLLIS FREUND,
West Bend, Wisconsin

POTATO-EGG SOUP

This is an unusual kind of soup. Onion, celery, garlic or green pepper may be added, to suit your own taste.

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 6 medium potatoes | ½ teaspoon pepper |
| 2 cups milk | 2 tablespoons butter or margarine |
| 1 teaspoon salt | |
| | 4 to 8 eggs |

Dice potatoes fine and cook until tender in just enough lightly salted water to cover. (Continued on page 33)

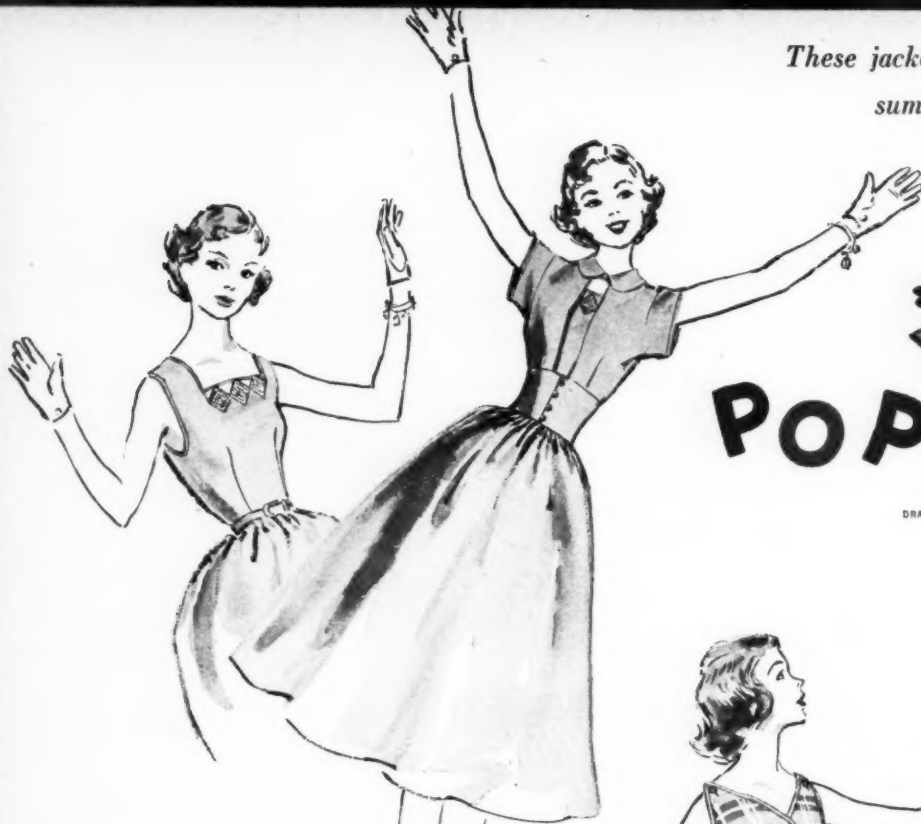


PHOTOGRAPH BY RALPH W. BAXTER



Fresh as a spring breeze is our April Prize Purchase of crisp pinline piqué. Jaunty stripes make a wide-flung skirt and edge the collar and armholes of a trim, sleeveless bodice. Belt is plastic patent leather. By Suzy Brooks, teen sizes 10-16, about \$8 at stores on page 47

These jacket dresses are carefully calculated to se
summer. The built-up-shoulder unde dress.
modest sunning . . . Sl into
jack-in-the-box, you're read

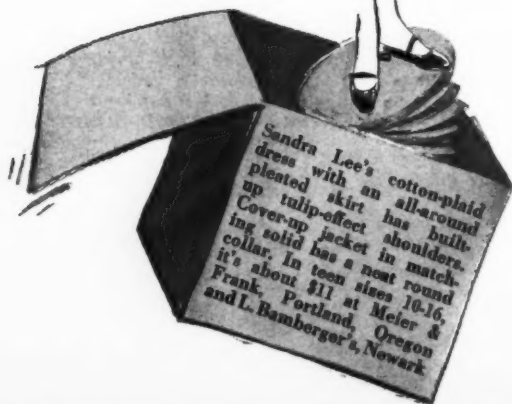


POPUPS

DRAWINGS BY HILDA GLASGOW



Paramount's broadcloth sun-
dress has a square neckline
edged with lace medallions.
The empire jacket is closed
at neck and wide waistband,
allowing the lace to show
through. Subteen sizes 8-14,
about \$9. Order from B.
Altman, New York City



Sandra Lee's cotton-plaid
dress with an all-around
pleated skirt has built-
up tulip-effect shoulders.
Cover-up jacket in match-
ing solid has a neat round
collar. In teen sizes 10-16,
it's about \$11 at Meier &
Frank, Portland, Oregon
and L. Bamberger's, Newark

...ulate to see you through the
 ...dress is perfect for
 ...into the top and "pop" like a
 ...you're ready to tour the town!

Spring



Sue Carson uses polished cotton with a gold print for this dressy dress with high U-neckline and flared skirt. Fitted waist-length jacket has a Peter Pan collar. Teen Sizes 10-16, about \$9. Maison Blanche, New Orleans; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Hudson's, Detroit



...and jacket closed with buttons and jet buttons is trimmed with a black pocket. Pique underdress is lined with black broadcloth and has a Pezale pocket belt. By Josephine Love. Subteen sizes 8-14, about \$8. Gimbel's, New York City; H. & S. Pogue, Cincinnati



Embroidered-cotton dress by Abby Teens has cow-draw collar and cuffs, a wide unpressed-pleated skirt, a ruffled-pleated jacket and a ruffled collar. Subteen sizes 8-14, about \$8. St. Louis, E. Fuller, St. Louis, and Hochschild-Kohn, Baltimore



Dressed-up denim by Fran Marque in a full shirred skirt boldly splashed with rickrack and braid, about \$8. The brief cardigan neckline jacket, which is also braid-trimmed, has drop-shoulder dolman sleeves, about \$6. Teen sizes 10-16 at Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis



Rhinestones on the collar and belt add excitement to Touraine's outfit of taffetized cotton. Skirt has wide unpressed pleats. Subteen sizes 8-14, about \$9. Powers, Minneapolis; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.

Mating Season

Full, full skirts mated with the briefest of jackets or blouses set the pace for spring—are the perfect companions for summer!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL BENEDICT
JEWELRY BY CORO; SHOES BY CAPEZIO
GLOVES BY DAWNELLE; HATS BY R. ENGLANDER

Joan Lord's full-circle skirt of flower-printed embossed cotton has a dyed-to-match raffia belt. Co-ordinated broadcloth blouse has a button-tabbed collar and two pockets. Teen sizes 10-16, about \$9, Gimbel's, New York City; Wurzburg's, Grand Rapids





**HAVE
YOU
HEARD?**

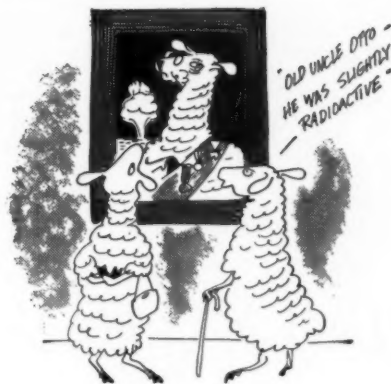


IN fire fighting, speed is all important. That's why the volunteer fire departments of Wayne County, N. Y., have installed two-way radio in their vehicles and formed a county-wide network to co-ordinate their activities. Realizing that the first few minutes of a fire are the crucial ones, county fire chiefs decided radio could help rush equipment to the scene. Together with General Electric engineers in nearby Syracuse, they worked out details of the radio network. A complete headquarters FM radio communications station was installed at Lyons, the county seat, from which contact can be made with any of the county's 27 departments.

Walkie-talkie radios keep firemen on water pumpers in constant touch with the men close to the fire. Pumpers are sometimes as much as a mile from the fire, and calls for more or less water pressure are speeded by radio.



YOU may stop at your corner drugstore sometime in the future, drop a few coins in a slot, and one minute later lift out a dinner plate on which is a steaming hot dinner of meat, potatoes, and vegetables," is the forecast of a General Electric engineer whose business is electronics tubes. It seems that the key to a hot-dinner machine is a type of tube called a magnetron. G.E. has already developed one that will defrost and heat pre-cooked dinners within 70 seconds. But it will be a while before magnetrons can be used economically in food dispensers. Right now they have a military role to play—in radar and aircraft landing control.



RAISING sheep seems like a far cry from studying radioactivity. But at the atomic energy plant in Hanford, Washington, General Electric scientists are doing some sheep farming to learn more about the effects of radiation and radioactive wastes.

The 200 sheep that are assisting the scientists in their experiments are a pampered lot, thriving on their balanced diet of alfalfa, grain, and food pellets containing radioactive iodine. Even the maximum dose of radioactive material, it has been found, has very little effect on the sheep.

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405-36



What every teen-ager knows —or should know

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talk

by JONNI BURKE

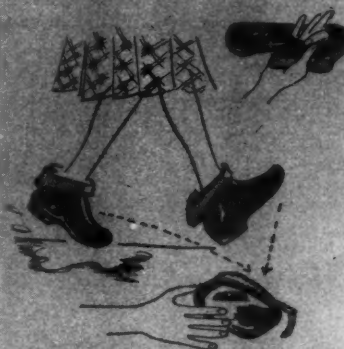
Drawings by Liel Wolf



Protect your crowning glory with a water-repellent silk scarf by Glentex. Gaily imprinted with cars of spring flowers, it's \$2, at Lord & Taylor, New York City



Perky clutch bag by Youthmode of rough-textured plastic "corde" is fitted with a comb, and will not water spot. In white only. \$2* at L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis



Boot-eze, reversible boots by Gem Rubber, have dashing turn-back cuffs, may be worn with any heels. Small, medium, large. \$2.25 Best & Co., New York City

Please order items direct from stores listed and mention *The American Girl*

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For rain or shine, a spotproof cowhide belt with heraldic trim, \$1.95. Matching necklace, \$1.50. Vernon Specialties, 16 Mt. Vernon Ave., Mt. Vernon, New York



See where you're going with this safety umbrella by Eichenberg. Made of clear plastic with solid-color binding, only \$2.95 at Gimbel's, New York City



If you use make-up, keep that handbox look with water-shedding First Blush, a pale powder base by Harriet Hubbard Ayer. \$1.25* at Jordan Marsh, Boston

*Please add 20% Federal tax

TRUE OR FALSE?



A trip may upset your schedule on "those days"

TRUE: A change of climate will sometimes hasten—or delay—"those days." This happens to lots of girls . . . don't worry if it happens to you.

But it's just because so many girls do worry that the makers of Modess have prepared the wonderful new book-

let, "Growing Up and Liking It."

Here, written in a frank, friendly way—with loads of illustrations—are all the facts about "that time of month." Accurate, doctor-approved advice . . . plus tips on health, grooming and poise.

Mail coupon below for your free copy.

TRUE OR FALSE?

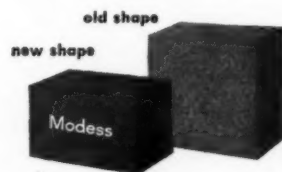
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walking comfort



CURTIS • STEPHENS • EMBRY CO., INC., Reading, Pa.

A Formal for Libba

(Continued from page 13)

row, a welcoming sort of house, also red brick.

Mrs. Campbell was at the door to meet us. She had nice twinkling blue eyes.

"Dr. Marling, how nice to see you. So this is Libba."

Before we knew it Father and I and my suitcase were in the front hall. Father headed for Dr. Campbell's study and Mrs. Campbell ushered me to the guest room.

"Melanie will be here about five, I believe," said Mrs. Campbell. "Her friend, Tom Weatherby, and Breck are coming for dinner. When you've unpacked come down to the living room."

She bustled away and I set about following her suggestion. The room had twin beds and I plunked my suitcase on the nearest one. The moment I opened it, a cry of horror escaped me as a mass of pink met my eyes. What if Jane had decided against the green satin when I had heard her repacking my suitcase? I dug frantically among my effects. I breathed freely again when I found the green satin and hung it lovingly in the closet. I left the pink dress in the suitcase. No mortal eye, especially that of Melanie Norton, was going to see that ancient rag. Why Jane had put it in I didn't bother to fathom.

When I got downstairs, Father had already gone. Mrs. Campbell was waiting for me in the hall and began to chat gaily.

But she stopped suddenly, her eyes bulging. I followed her glance to the driveway. A massive car, driven by a chauffeur, rolled to a halt and Miss Melanie Norton stepped forth. My eyes bulged, too. Melanie was even more beautiful and far more sophisticated than I remembered. Her black-wool suit, her furs, and her veiled and feathered hat were strictly Parisian. She wore ankle-strap shoes and lipstick that was nearly as dark as her hair. The chauffeur staggered after her with three suitcases.

"Mrs. Campbell?" Melanie's voice was lyrical. "Hello, Libba." She glanced disdainfully at my country tweeds.

Mrs. Campbell told the chauffeur where to put the luggage and hastened Melanie to our quarters. She looked as though she were trying not to laugh.

I was far from amused myself. Even the green satin couldn't compete with Melanie. But it was time to dress for dinner so I trailed moodily upstairs.

Mrs. Campbell had departed and Melanie was unpacking. She nodded at me, but that was all. Apparently I was slated for no girl-ish confidences from her. That suited me and I retired to the bathroom for a soothing bath. When I got back to the room there was Melanie, fully dressed for the evening. I stared with my mouth open. She was wearing the exact copy of my green satin!

"Like it?" Melanie preened gracefully. How could I help but like it? On her it was perfect. The color did things for her it couldn't do for me. The neckline didn't sag; the waistline didn't droop.

I took the bull by the horns and extracted my dress from the closet. Some of my misery was pacified by the yelp of rage that escaped Melanie.

"You—you can't wear that!" she shrieked. That was enough for me. "I can and I will," I said firmly.

"You must have something else," said

Melanie. Before I could stop her, she threw herself at my suitcase and yanked it open. The familiar taffeta lay just where she couldn't miss it.

"You can wear this," said Melanie, pulling it forth. "It's much more suitable for your—your—" She had the grace not to finish.

By way of answer I put on the green dress. How I looked in it compared to Melanie need not be described. I hitched up the neckline with a careless shrug and marched out of the room. Melanie tossed her head and swayed after me. We entered the living room together.

Breck, taller and blonder than I remembered, was standing by the fireplace.

"Hi, Libba! Tom Weatherby." He waved his hand toward the boy beside him who was short and dark with a pleasant, blunt face. Then, he looked at Melanie. "Miss Norton, I believe?"

Melanie smiled sweetly and ignored him. She put a hand caressing on Tom's arm, and looked into his eyes. Tom turned brick red and yanked at his collar. Breck laughed hoarsely. Then he spared a glance for me.

"What do you and Miss Norton think you're playing—a sister act?" he growled.

Melanie began to talk in soft tones to Tom. I gave a surreptitious hitch to my dress and sank into a chair. Conversation between Breck and me was at a standstill.

Mrs. Campbell came to the rescue by calling us to dinner. I hardly knew what I ate. Between struggling with my neckline and trying to look unconcerned I had all I could do. Breck sat beside me and watched Melanie talk to Tom. Tom was as silent as I and seemed to be just as uncomfortable.

The dance was being held in the gymnasium, and we walked to the building short-

ly after dinner. Tom, with Melanie clinging to his arm, went first. Breck and I followed hot on their heels.

"Miss Norton is adding another fish to her string," said Breck loudly.

Melanie laughed, lightly and clearly. I thought it was time for Libba Marling to make herself felt and launched into a flow of desperate trivia, bound to make Breck pay attention to me.

He listened politely, but he watched Melanie. The gym was crowded with the youth of St. Stephen's and their feminine friends. The orchestra was in full swing and my feet began to tingle. I love to dance and I must say I'm rather a neat partner.

Breck and I began to dance. My skirt kept catching in my heels, and each time I lowered my arms my neckline followed suit. I was so absorbed in trying to manage my dress that conversation failed me.

Breck was too busy watching the stag line that trailed after Melanie to notice my misery. Tom, who had taken only a few whirls with her before being cut in on, was sitting in a corner looking stunned. For the hundredth time I retrieved my shoulderline and began to wonder what was so wonderful about Breck after all.

Just at that moment Melanie glided by. "Having fun?" she bubbled.

"Yah!" said Breck and swung me around. Somehow—and I shall never know whether it was accidental or not—my flaring dress caught under Melanie's heel and the entire side seam ripped open to my knee.

"Oooh!" Melanie's voice was lyric with sorrow. "Too bad, Libba. Now you'll have—"

I didn't wait for her advice. Clutching my rags about me, I made a dash for the door. Tears of rage and mortification blinded

me and I didn't notice where I was going. I ended up in a sort of porch where I let my tears flow freely.

Suddenly I felt a hand on my arm. "Listen," said a vaguely familiar voice, "don't let her get you down."

I looked up in a hurry. Tom Weatherby stood beside me, grinning in a comforting way. For the first time I noticed what nice brown eyes he had.

"Listen," he said again, "haven't you something else to wear? Something more—"

He wanted to say "more suitable" I knew, but I cut him off short. "You bet I have," I said fiercely. Right then I made up my mind that Miss Melanie Norton was not going to drive me from the dance floor. "I'll go and change."

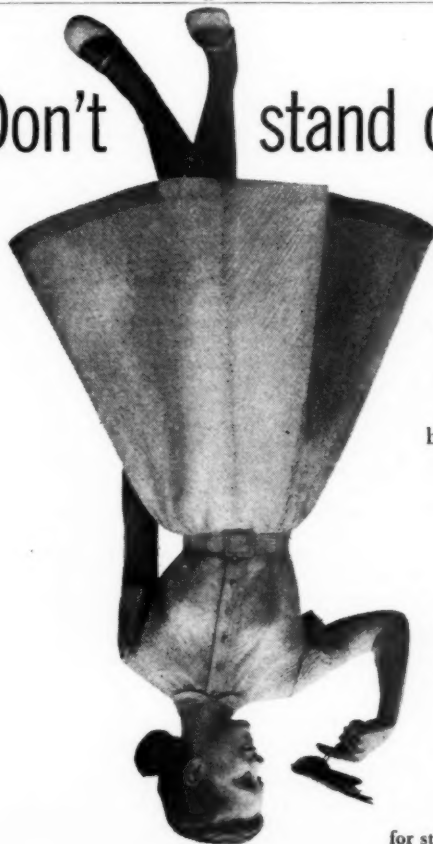
"Good girl," said Tom. "Come on." He led me out through a side door, and we made quick time to the Campbell residence. We didn't talk much but somehow silence wasn't so noticeable with Tom. He was like an old friend who understood things.

It was the work of moments to switch to the well-known taffeta. As soon as I'd settled into it I knew it was the dress for me. It was comfortable and becoming. Jane, who understands so much, must have known the green satin would let me down somehow, and so she had quietly provided a substitute. Right then and there I willed the green satin to Jane, who is a skilled needlewoman.

Tom took one look at me when I whipped downstairs again. "That's more like it," he said with a grin.

It was even more like it when we got back to the gym. I hadn't danced six steps with Tom before someone cut in. "Where'd you come from?" asked the new youth. "Haven't seen you before."

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Championship TENNIS BALLS

He hadn't, as a matter of fact. It was a new Libba Marling who graced the dance floor now. I could dance with ease; conversation bubbled forth. More and more boys cut in. I was almost a belle. Frankness compels me to state that I by no means rivaled Melanie, but for Libba Marling I was getting a respectable rush.

Even Breck cut in a few times, but the memory of my former misery with him made conversation lag. I noticed he never danced with Melanie though he watched her like a hawk.

There was some mystery about this whole business, and I questioned Tom about it the next time he cut in.

"What's all this between Breck and Melanie?" I asked bluntly.

Tom looked confused, started to speak, then shook his head. I began to watch Melanie, too, and saw that she kept an eye on Breck every time he danced with me.

Once when Melanie and I found ourselves side by side during a pause in the music, she leaned toward me and whispered fiercely, "I can get Breck back any time I want. So don't think you can—"

The music interrupted, but I got the point. If she thought I wanted Breck Worthington she was sadly mistaken. The scales had fallen from my eyes. We had nothing in common, not even light conversation. It occurred to me that if Breck and Melanie could be brought together again, Tom might be free to bestow his regard elsewhere. Little plots floated in my brain but came to nothing.

As it turned out, plots and plans would have availed me little. It was luck that brought the problem to a head. When the supper dance was announced, the girls were told to line up on one side of the room, the boys on the other.

"Now," the band leader directed, "choose

your partners, gentlemen, for the supper dance."

The girls huddled together, trying to look unconcerned, but keeping a sharp eye on the boys. I found myself standing beside Melanie. Before we could exchange so much as a chilly stare there was a stampede of masculine feet. The boys charged down on the waiting females. The jostling was pretty intense, but when it was over both Breck and Tom were bowing before me.

For a second my head swam. I heard Melanie give a little gasp. Then inspiration struck. I held out my hand to Tom.

"You said you could get him back," I said to Melanie, nodding at Breck. "Well, here he is."

I couldn't resist this golden opportunity to pay her back. Breck turned to Melanie and she had to take him. I walked off with Tom, my spirits soaring.

Tom began to laugh. "That's what they needed," he said. "Someone to push them."

A thought struck me. "How come you asked her to the dance?"

"Breck asked me to do it. He's nuts about her, but they had a fight and he didn't dare ask her himself. I hardly know her and I must say—"

"Say what?" I prodded hopefully.

Tom grinned his nice grin. "Well, it's just that there are other people I'd rather know better."

I didn't pursue the topic. He had said enough for me. My heart hummed lightly.

In the supper room I saw Breck and Melanie deep in conversation. Suddenly I realized that Breck and Melanie and green satin all went together somehow. I glanced at Tom. He smiled at me in a way that was as easy and comfortable as my pink dress. I knew then that Tom and taffeta and Libba Marling had a lot in common too. THE END

Which Way—In Advertising? (Continued from page 15)

The first and possibly the most important job done by the art department is the layout design. The rough layout is a penciled sketch outlining the setup and location of different portions of the ad. The layout must be approved by the account executive and the clients before the final art work is begun.

In addition to their artistic talents, women who are layout designers must thoroughly understand the type of reader to whom a particular ad must appeal. Enthusiasm, imagination and inspiration—these are the qualities with which the designer must be imbued. The art museums should be her second home. Although the layout designer—much like the ad writer—must possess that inborn creative gift, sound technical instructions in an art school is advisable.

The finished art work is done generally by art studios or by free-lance artists who are specialists in definite fields. Sometimes full-time hand letterers and commercial photographers are employed by agencies, but rarely are women found in these jobs. Young girl apprentices are hired to perform minor miscellaneous chores, such as mounting layouts, supervising the art files and supplies, operating a photostat machine and assisting in the darkroom.

The young art-school graduate ought not to scoff at an apprentice offer. This is an excellent way for her to get her pen and brush into an agency, particularly since competition from male designers is quite keen. But if she is outstandingly good she can look

forward in pleasant anticipation to the day when her talents are recognized and she becomes a layout designer or artist.

And so through the co-operative efforts of the writers, artists, account executives, and research workers the advertising campaign is set up.

Who takes it from there? The media buyer brings the advertiser's message to the attention of the public. Newspapers, magazines, trade journals, professional publications, billboards, radio and television are the media he employs most often. There are essentially two types of media buyers: the time buyers, who purchase minutes before, after, or right in the heart of a radio or television program, and the space buyers, who purchase on behalf of the agency and client a full page in a monthly magazine, a six-inch block in a daily newspaper, or a complete spread on a highway billboard. Both have the responsibility of seeing that their clients' money is wisely spent. The buyer must be facile with numbers, for in making her choice of media she must consider rates, discounts, circulation, and other endless figures.

The large agency, before hiring a young lady in its media department, requires similar previous experience obtained in a small agency and the small agencies in turn, will not accept her unless she has done some retail selling or solicited ads for a newspaper.

One last look around our agency takes us to the production department, where

women are rarely found, due to the highly technical nature and great pressure of the work. This department functions in close co-operation with the printers and engravers.

And, now, before we shut the door behind us, let's not forget the vast army of feminine bookkeepers, accountants, receptionists, file clerks, secretaries, stenographers, typists, and office-machine operators. In the accounting department, there are young girls known as checkers. It is their duty to see that each ad appears in the proper medium and has received the space allotment due it. Sometimes office positions are steppingstones to the other agency jobs we have mentioned.

Do you make a fortune or a fairish living? As is true in most professions, salaries in advertising range from the sublime to the so-so. You can earn a top salary of around \$35,000 per year or as little as \$1,500 depending on the type of job, length of employment, and length of time in the field. A general average salary for five years' em-

ployment is around \$3,000 to \$4,000; for ten years the average is \$4,000 to \$5,000.

Smaller concerns pay about the same as large ones. Women working in public relations, sales promotion, and account management make more money as a rule than creative artists and writers.

Will you find your future in advertising? If you think you will, your school studies should include English, public speaking, mathematics, art, languages, and social studies. Outside activities such as dramatics, group work with people, work on the year-book and school paper will be a boon to you, as will selling experience. Ask your counselor, teacher, and parents to help you pick the college and courses which will prepare you for the branch of advertising you like best.

During the past twenty-five years women have cut a real pathway in advertising. The signposts are there—for you to follow.

THE END

Your Own Recipe Exchange (Continued from page 22)

Drain, reserving liquid, and mash or sieve potatoes. Put potatoes and any liquid in a large, shallow saucepan. Add milk, salt, pepper, and butter. Heat until bubbly, but not boiling. Break eggs one at a time into a small bowl; slip one by one into the potato mixture, taking care not to crowd the eggs. Lower heat, cover, and cook until whites of eggs are set—about 4 minutes. With a large, slotted spoon, carefully place one or two eggs in each soup bowl, add soup, and serve immediately. Serves 4.

Sent by KAREN WILLIAMS,
Myrtle Creek, Oregon

STUFFED ROLLS

These can be made in advance and heated after a game or an outdoor party. Jane says her big brother calls them real "date bait."

- | | |
|--|---|
| 3 hard-cooked eggs,
chopped | 1 tablespoon grated
onion |
| 1 cup grated American
cheese | 1 cup tomato sauce |
| 1 tablespoon finely
grated green pepper | 1 small bottle stuffed
olives, chopped |
| | 6 crusty rolls |

Combine first six ingredients, adding salt and pepper to taste. Cut tops off rolls, scoop out centers with a fork, and fill with egg mixture. Replace tops and wrap each roll in wax paper. When ready to serve, heat in moderate oven 20 minutes. Serves 6 dainty girls or 3 hearty boys.

Sent by JOYCE KRUGER,
Pasadena, California

JELLIED STUFFED EGGS

Here is a dressed-up version of the deviled eggs so dear to so many.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 6 hard-cooked eggs | ½ cup cold water |
| 3 tablespoons grated
cheese | 1 cup boiling water |
| 1 tablespoon vinegar | ½ cup sugar |
| ¼ teaspoon dry mus-
tard | ½ cup vinegar |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 2 tablespoons lemon
juice |
| ½ teaspoon pepper | ½ teaspoon salt |
| ¼ cup melted butter | ½ teaspoon paprika |
| 1 tablespoon unflav-
ored gelatin | ½ cup diced celery |
| | ½ cup diced green
pepper |

Shell eggs and cut in half lengthwise.

Remove yolks, mash, and combine with cheese, vinegar, mustard, salt, pepper, and butter. Heap mixture into halved whites and arrange attractively in mold or shallow glass dish. Soften gelatin in cold water 5 minutes. Add boiling water, sugar, vinegar, lemon juice, salt, and paprika. Cool until thick and sirupy. Add celery and green pepper and mix well. Pour over eggs and set in cool place to harden. Unmold on bed of crisp greens, and serve with a bowl of mayonnaise. Serves 6.

Sent by SUE USHER, Ashtabula, Ohio

CREAM PUFFS

Cream puffs really aren't hard to do at all, and how proud you will be to serve some you have made yourself!

- | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1 cup water | 1 cup pastry flour |
| ½ cup butter or
salad oil | ½ teaspoon salt |
| | 4 eggs |

Bring water and butter or oil to a boil in saucepan. Sift together flour and salt. Add all at once to water and stir vigorously over low heat until mixture forms a ball and leaves sides of pan. Remove from heat and cool slightly. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Drop mixture by tablespoonfuls on greased baking sheet, leaving at least 2 inches between each. Bake 15 minutes in hot oven (425°); reduce heat to 375° and bake for 20 minutes. When cool, cut a gash in the side of each puff and fill. Makes 12 to 15 large puffs.

You may fill puffs with a prepared pudding, fresh berries, sweetened whipped cream, ice cream, or cream filling.

CREAM FILLING:

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| ½ cup sugar | 1 cup milk |
| 3 tablespoons flour | 1 egg |
| Few grains salt | 1 teaspoon vanilla |

Combine sugar, flour, and salt. Scald milk and add slowly to flour mixture. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, for 15 minutes. Beat egg. Pour a little of the hot mixture into the egg, stir well, and combine with first mixture. Cook over hot water 3 minutes. Cool, and add vanilla.

THE END

Please turn to page 50 for the next
Recipe Exchange Announcement



not when you rate high with the crowd for good humor, a sweet manner—and a slick, out-of-the-box grooming!

It's no secret

that friends frown on a fault like underarm perspiration odor. Or that Teeners can be just as guilty as "older" people if they don't protect their charm for sure. So, on guard, gal!

You see, bacteria that cause odor grow more readily in confined areas like the underarms. You need dependable protection—and new *finer* Mum is the deodorant for *that*!

New Mum contains M-3

... a practically magic ingredient that protects against odor-causing bacteria. No wonder softer, creamier new Mum with M-3 stops odor longer!



It's a pleasure to use petal-smooth new Mum because you know it's free from harsh ingredients, safe for normal skin—and won't rot or discolor your dreamy fabrics. And mark this, new Mum is the *only* leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste. No shrinkage.

Delicately perfumed new Mum is a smoothie in texture, too. Stays satiny and usable, wonderful right to the bottom of the jar. So be a dear—stay nice to be near with new finer Mum!



FREE LEAFLET...

send for "NOW is the Time." It's fun—it's informative. And ask your Leader to request *free* complete Group Program on

Good Grooming, including colorful Wall Chart, Poster, Manual with leaflet for each girl. Bristol-Myers Co., Educational Service Dept. AG-42, 630 5th Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

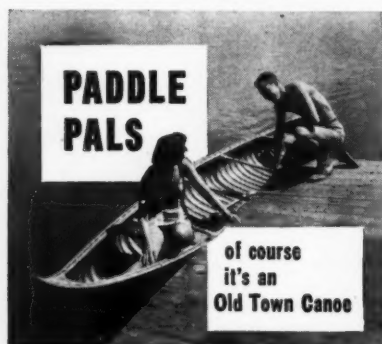
Let's Launder (Continued from page 17)



**SOS removes
burned-on grease**

S.O.S.
MAGIC
Scouring
Pads
CLEANS AND SHINES ALUMINUM

**cleans pots & pans
easier, faster, better**



**PADDLE
PALS**

of course
it's an
Old Town Canoe

WOODLAND waterways will find them drifting and dreaming while their Old Town takes care of itself. Responsive to the slightest touch. Strong and skillfully balanced for safety. Light to carry. Fun to own, easy to maintain.

FREE CATALOG shows all kinds of canoes for paddling, for sailing, for outboards. Also sailboats, outboard boats, dinghies, rowboats.

OLD TOWN CANOES

Old Town Canoe Co.,
824 Fourth St., Old Town, Maine.
PLEASE SEND ME FREE CATALOG

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

jacket, for instance, may not be safe in water because most present-day linings bleed and shrink. That is why it is important to (1) study labels and (2) ask questions at the store. When you do get a completely washable outfit and know how to wash it—then you have something easy to care for.

Now that we see how the construction of a fabric or garment influences its washability, let's get on to the actual washing processes. The first step in good laundering techniques, in washing by hand or machine, is sorting.

Sort carefully. White and colorfast pastel garments can go in one group. Lightly soiled colored clothes—cottons, linens, sturdy rayons—go into a separate group, as do your heavily soiled, dark corduroys, denims, blue jeans. Lastly, collect your delicate things—blouses, underwear, nightclothes, scarves, print dresses. Many of these require hand-washing. Since white nylon picks up dye that doesn't even show in the suds, the rule is keep all white nylons strictly away from colored garments to avoid a grayed or yellowed look.

Choose your sudsmaker according to the job you want it to do. The box or wrapper indicates whether its contents are intended for "light-duty" washing of fine fabrics, or for "heavy-duty" work on sturdy pieces. Read the washing directions on the package carefully to help you do the right job.

If you want to blue your white things, you have a choice of several types of blueing. Again, follow directions on the package.

Now for the washing rules.

Fine-fabric washing: Colorfast lingerie can go in the washer, in lukewarm suds, for not more than three minutes. A cotton or nylon-mesh laundering bag is a fine thing for enclosing dainty underwear in the washer. Run bag and all through a loose wringer, or spin by machine. Roll garments in a bath towel to remove any excess moisture. Unroll immediately. Hang for a little while before ironing. Indoors! No sun, no heat. Most fine fabrics can be pressed very soon after washing.

You can also use a nylon-mesh laundry bag for hand-washing fine lingerie. If straps or seams are extra soiled, use a soft, well-soaped brush instead of rubbing them against the garment itself. Lay the soiled section on the washbasin edge and rub the brush gently over the soiled areas. Do not twist or hand-wring fine fabrics such as silk, rayon, nylon, or sheer cottons and linens, either in washing or rinsing. It is much better to pat the moisture out in a Turkish towel.

Washing hose. A little excess dye usually comes out of stockings at each washing, so wash stockings separately from other personal laundry. And wash them after each wearing!

Sturdy-fabric washing: Colorfast, pre-shrunk cottons and linens can go into hot soapsuds in either washtub or washing machine. For corduroys and blue jeans that are going to bleed out excess dye, use lukewarm suds and plenty of rinsing at the same temperature.

Silk prints: Wash by hand, of course. Dresses, blouses, and scarves are becoming more and more washable. Even if your silk

print bleeds a little in the suds, this is no tragedy. Work fast while squeezing the garment through the suds and while rinsing in almost cool water. Shake out, hang in an airy place, and press within the hour.

Knitwear: Another in the "hand-wash" class. Here is where knowledge of fabric construction counts. Knitted lingerie, jersey, T-shirts, sweaters, and other knitted sports accessories, while not necessarily delicate, should not be pulled, rubbed, or wrung in the washing. As to wools, hard rubbing or rough handling will make the fibers hook up into each other. Then you get matting and shrinking. Be very gentle when squeezing any knitted garment—and particularly woolen sweaters, socks, mittens—through lukewarm soapsuds. Support knitwear with your hands so it won't stretch while weighted with water. Be gentle all the way down the line: in rinsing, in patting moisture out in a bath towel, in laying knitwear out to dry. You can pat a sweater flat and ease it back into shape on a big, dry towel. Don't touch the sweater again until it's completely dry. Or you can cut a frame out of cardboard—two sleeves and a body—and slip it into the sweater for the drying period. The same method works for socks and mittens.

If you want to starch, you can make up your starch or use one of the ready-mixed kind now on the market. The directions for use will be found on the package or bottle. It is good to know, too, that there is a plastic starch that lasts through many washings.

When the washing is over, there's the ironing. A good laundress is like a good carpenter—she insists on the right tools. Don't try to work with a torn ironing-board cover, a patched-up iron cord. A small sleeve-board for pressing shoulders and sleeves is a treasure, as is a pressing mitt to slide under jacket shoulders that are hard to flatten out. Be very careful about the ironing heat. Study your temperature control button until you understand exactly how it works.

Because your iron heats faster than it cools, press first the things that require a barely warm iron—such as nylon; then work ahead in this order: rayon and silk, which require low heat; wool, which takes medium heat; last, cotton and linen, which take a hot iron.

Pressure rather than heat does the ironing job. Even, easy movements are best. To avoid shine, press fine fabrics on the wrong side or use a clean press cloth over the right side.

Always use a damp cloth when doing woolen garments, and don't let the iron dry out the cloth completely. The steam is the useful agent here, not the dry heat. You need not iron silk and rayon things bone dry; if there's a little dampness left, that will take care of itself when you hang the garment up. Don't tuck your newly pressed lingerie into drawers until it has had time to dry completely. Don't jam freshly pressed blouses into a crowded closet. They need space to keep them fresh-looking.

In the old days, washday was Blue Monday. Today it's any time that's convenient for you—and, with a few basic directions to guide you, a time for rejoicing because soap and water is such an easy way to keep your wardrobe sparkling pretty.

THE END

SPEAKING OF MOVIES

by BERTHA JANCKE LUECK



VIVA ZAPATA!—This is the stirring story of Emiliano Zapata, one of Mexico's heroes. The life of the peasant leader who became President of Mexico was exciting and colorful, and the picture is a vivid portrayal of the hazards that beset the path of this reformer, and the men who lived dangerously with him. Woven into the dramatic action is the humor and tenderness of his courtship of a beautiful senorita. Marlon Brando is Zapata, and Joan Peters the woman he loves. (20th Century-Fox)



SINGIN' IN THE RAIN—A gay, entertaining picture, with fine dancing, good singing, and plenty of humor. Gene Kelly is the romantic hero of the silent movies, with Jean Hagen as his scratchy-voiced leading lady and Donald O'Connor playing his ex-vaudeville partner. Sound pictures appear to spell doom to Jean's career until they hit on the idea of dubbing in Debbie Reynolds' voice as Jean's. Far from solving their problems, this only adds more complications—and more hilarity. (M-G-M)

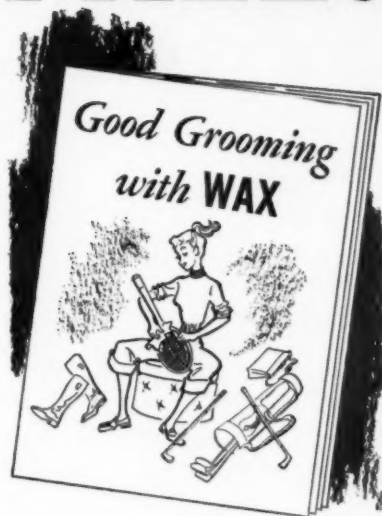


THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH—All the glamour, color, and thrills of a huge circus are in this story of a girl aerialist who loses a coveted role when a Frenchman is hired as star of the show. Intrigue and drama build up to a terrific climax in a picture that is fast-paced and full of suspense to the end. In the excellent cast are Betty Hutton and Dorothy Lamour; Cornel Wilde and Charlton Heston, with James Stewart as the mysterious clown who never removes his makeup. (Paramount)



5 FINGERS—The true story of Cicero, the fabulous spy of World War II, has been made into an action-packed picture. James Mason plays the suave rascal who sold vital secrets to the Nazis, and Danielle Darrieux, Michael Rennie, and Walter Hampden have important roles. Much of the picture was filmed in Turkey, with ancient Istanbul and Ankara for an authentic and beautiful background. If we were to give any of the incredible plot, it would spoil the picture for you. (20th Century-Fox)

FREE!



*Beauty tips
to keep you
neat as a pin
slick as a chick
cute as a button*

To spruce up—shine up! "Good Grooming with Wax" gives you all the facts! Tells you clever secrets on how to keep your accessories and personal belongings well groomed with regular household wax—to compliment you and show you off to best advantage! Write for your free copy today!



Girl Scouts!

If you're working for your good grooming badge, here are lots of helpful ideas!

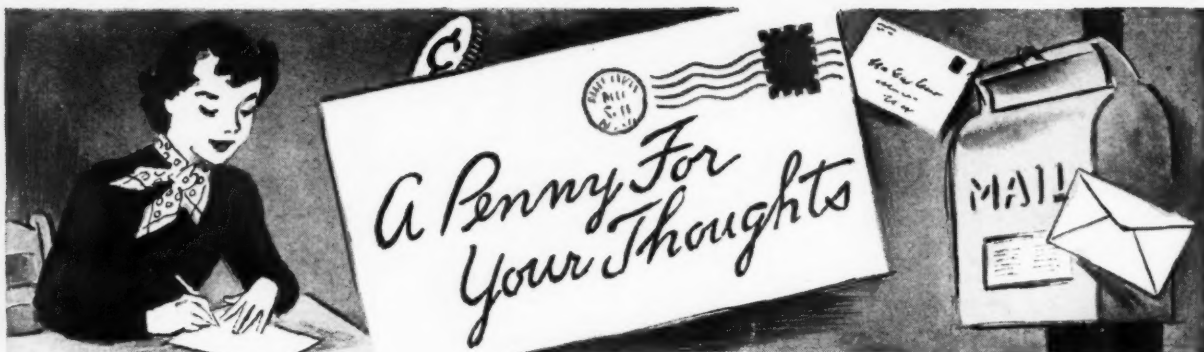
Write to

Consumer Education Dept. AG4

JOHNSON'S WAX

Racine, Wisconsin

Ask for "Good Grooming with Wax."
Be sure to give your name and address.



CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: I have just finished reading *Teen-Ager . . . British Style*. I loved it! I thought this might be of interest to you. My mother has a friendship ring, a narrow band of stones spelling "regards," with a tiny ruby, emerald, garnet, amethyst, ruby, diamond, and sapphire, just like the one described in the story! It was given to my mother by my grandmother. My grandmother received it from my great-grandmother. When my grandmother was a girl she lived in Kent, outside of London.

JUDY HAYS

LYNBROOK, NEW YORK: The story *Double Date* is just wonderful.

The Girl Scout section is very good for us because we belong to Troop 8. We get many ideas for our meetings from your articles. Many times we read it aloud at our meetings and everyone is very interested.

We have gotten many patterns from your fashions, and we were complimented on each one.

SANDRA AARONS (age 13)
CAROLYN PERSKIN (age 13)

COLORADO CITY, TEXAS: Everytime I get *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, I turn to *Double Date*. (I hope Penny gets Mike, because Pam gets nearly everybody else!) I can hardly wait from one month to the other.

A Part to Play was very good. I think the *Jokes* are very funny.

BARBARA BRADLEY (age 11)

NORTH CALDWELL, NEW JERSEY: Your good grooming hints are very helpful. *Color Scheming* was good also.

The "Be Prepared" article *Emergency Living Indoors* was very good, I thought, because I have had two experiences where our electricity was off for about five days. We had to do a lot of things you told about in the article.

I am a Girl Scout in Troop 122. *All Over the Map* is very interesting.

SUSAN KNELL (age 11)

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS: The article *World-mindedness* is one that could well start a series of articles about peace, and what the citizen can do about it. It is one of the most difficult questions to answer in these great times of indecision.

If in an article the girls and boys of today, the future men and women of the world, can begin to comprehend what they have ahead of them, I feel sure that that will be a great step toward future peace.

MARILYN STEVENSON (age 14)

WISCONSIN RAPIDS, WISCONSIN: I think your magazine has such a nice variety of

stories and features that any girl could find hours of enjoyment in it, as I have.

I think the serial *Double Date* is very interesting and it keeps getting more so with every issue. I thought *Teen-Ager . . . British Style* was very good and I know I would enjoy other stories on girls of different countries very much. Also I think your hints on beauty and health are very useful and your fashions are darling. I must mention that the February cover was very cute.

JOANNA CARPENTER (age 13)

WHITTIER, CALIFORNIA: *Topknot Techniques* was a swell article. Sometime would you please have an article on how to dress your hair according to the shape of your face?

"... in sacred trust for the nation . . ." was really wonderful. Especially so since on our trip last summer Mount Vernon was one of the places we visited.

ANN SECREST (age 15)

YEOVIL, ENGLAND: Just recently I received from my pen pal in Madison, New Jersey, several copies of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I really do think this is a wonderful magazine. The stories are nice and the articles in this magazine are all very interesting. *A Penny for Your Thoughts* is especially good, for it is very interesting to read the views of the other girls. The talent of the girls on the page *By You* is very good. If it hadn't been for my pen pal, I would never have seen this wonderful magazine. Congratulations.

PAT SHAWE (age 15)

MAPLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY: I thought *Teen-Ager . . . British Style* was wonderful, because my hobby is learning how girls about my age in other countries live.

Whenever I receive my issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* the first thing I do is turn to the *Prize Purchase*. I think you use excellent judgment choosing your fashions.

JEAN YOUNGSTROM (age 12)

EASTON, PENNSYLVANIA: I liked *Teen-Ager . . . British Style* and hope you have more articles like that.

My mother likes the fashions and made a dress for each of us from one pattern.

I wish you had stories about occupations like what a newspaper reporter's job is like.

SUZANNE BUSCH (age 13)

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, OHIO: I never have enjoyed a magazine as much as I enjoy yours. I wait with bated breath for the next issue to find the latest chapter of the story *Double Date*. *Recipe Exchange* also makes a big hit with me. *Teen-Ager . . . British Style* was

very, very interesting. Thanks for a swell magazine.

PATTY L. ROY (age 12)

WRENTHAM, MASSACHUSETTS: Articles such as *Teen-Ager . . . British Style*, *World-mindedness*, and *All Over the Map* are very educational in promoting world understanding among readers of your excellent magazine. I think that a lot of the readers would like an article each month on some country, beginning with Europe. The Girl Scouts and girls with pen pals in those countries would think your magazine "super great." (On the idea of *Teen-Ager . . . British Style*.)

By You is tops.

MARY ANN DUFFY (age 14)

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK: I enjoyed tremendously the story *A Part to Play*. The monthly feature *All Over the Map* holds my interest in spite of the fact that I'm not a Girl Scout. I think *World-mindedness* was superb. I also enjoy your recipes and am planning on trying some.

Your choice in books is excellent and I have bought and read some of them.

MARY MARGARET ZIMBA (age 12)

YOKOSUKA, JAPAN: I am a Japanese girl. An American girl sent *THE AMERICAN GIRL* to a friend of mine. I think it certainly is a nice magazine. Your dresses are very cute and I like the covers. I have enjoyed violin. I like Japanese dances. I have learned English for three years but I am sorry to say that my English is still very poor.

TACHIKO KISHI (age 16)

LONG ISLAND CITY, NEW YORK: Today I received my first issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* magazine and loved it. Each time I go through it I find something I missed the time before. I liked *Ana Paula and the Golden Horse* because I love animal stories.

I'm a Girl Scout in Troop 4-571 and I like to hear about Girl Scouts in other countries and what work the Juliette Low Fund is doing. I also liked *A Part to Play* and your serial *Double Date*. My mother gets lots of ideas from fashions and I can't wait for your next issue.

EILEEN FAHRENHOLZ (age 11)

RHYL, ENGLAND: I am writing this letter on behalf of my sister Christine and myself to say how much we enjoy reading your magazine.

We go to the Tenth Rhyll Guide Company. Christine has a pen friend in Wisconsin and she sends us the magazine. We are writing to say that the kitten on the January issue is exactly the same as the little kitten which we recently lost.

Rhyl is under about three inches of snow and all the roads are icy.

Christine and I go to the Grammar School and I am in the fourth form and Christine is in the third. Our school colors are blue and gold which look very smart when they are new.

We would like to hear something about baseball. It does sound exciting. We only play hockey, bounders, and tennis in our school. Do American girls play any of these games?

BETTY (age 14) and
CHRISTINE (age 11) FOSC

LAWTON, MICHIGAN: I see that Ellie Saunders is on another cover. Boy, I think that she is just about the prettiest girl that I have ever seen! And I would like to know more about her—where she lives and how old she is and just all about her!

A Part to Play was very good and the illustration by Kurt Kint was good, too!

As I like horse stories I liked *Ana Paula* and the *Golden Horse* very much, and I think that Bill Timmins also does "hokey dokey" at illustrating.

We have been writing editorials at school and the article you had on *World-mindedness* helped very much. And best of all, I got an "A" so thanks a lot for the article. "... in sacred trust for the nation ..."

was pretty good, too.

As I am going to be a reporter I would like to read some articles on journalism.

COLLETTE GARNSEY

LINCOLN, ILLINOIS: I like *A Penny for Your Thoughts* and I think *By You* gives all of us a chance to show what we can do.

I also like the *Books*, for I find many books in your list which I have not read. Then I look them up in the library or in bookstores. It has been very helpful to me.

Your fashions are darling!

NONA FOLTZ (age 13)

(END)

Danger Rides The River Road

(Continued from page 11)

the little back parlor, Mrs. Hortense's own special domain, than Vinnie flew up the stairs. No time now to change her clothes. She tugged off the spurred boots, pulled her quilted petticoat and sprigged-muslin frock on over the riding breeches, pushed her wind-blown hair under a fresh cap, and stepped into her silver-buckled shoes.

Patty, unwilling to be left alone, had followed her and now stood peering through the starched bedroom curtains. "Oh, they're evil-looking wretches, to be sure, in their lobster-red coats. They've left two soldiers down on the road holding the string of horses. The officer and Tory Soames are coming here to the house, but the soldiers are making straight for the barn. There's old Jabez hobbling out to meet them."

"They'll get no help from him, at least," Vinnie said thankfully. "How he hates a redcoat! He'll pretend he's too deaf to understand what they want. There, I'm ready. This dress is woefully tight without my stays. Fasten the back for me, please, Patty."

Lavinia felt Patty's icy hands pull the edges of her dress together. Just as she finished both girls froze to silence, for the sound of the door knocker echoed hollowly



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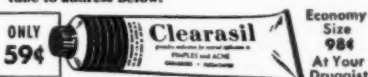
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The Music Stand

by MIMA JEAN SPENCER

Spring is a musical season; its warm spanking breeze and whispering rains create melodies of their own to be translated by songwriters into *I'll Remember April*, *Melody of the Rain* and *The Breeze and I*. Spring is a season of promise, of lightened hearts and romantic dreams, so as the old song bids: "Welcome, Sweet Springtime!"

Ushering in the season of romance two of your favorite song stylists, MGM's Lena Horne and Kathryn Grayson, offer albums containing their most popular hits. *Lena Horne Sings* incorporates the lovely *Where or When* and the lyrical *I've Got the World on a String* along with favorites like *Sometimes I'm Happy* and *'Deed I Do*. Miss Horne's warm rich voice is always pleasing to hear as her latest album proves.

Kathryn Grayson sings the moving *Always* and *Will You Remember* (old favorites that never die) along with the rhythmic *Jalousie* and *Love Is Where You Find It*. Her other numbers are among the best-loved songs of Kern and Romberg and the album concludes with the delightfully buoyant *All of a Sudden My Heart Sings*.

Nineteen fifty-one brought many new vocalists into popular demand, but perhaps two young men at the Columbia recording studios caused the greatest sensations. Tony Bennett's *Because of You* made him a star and sold over a million records! With the subsequent recordings, *Cold Cold Heart* and *Blue Velvet*, Bennett continued to endear himself to fans. He heads into the new season with a bright future indeed.

"Mr. Emotion," otherwise known as Johnny Ray, made a smash landing with *Cry and Little White Cloud*. This versatile pianist is also a songwriter. His emotional and energetic singing style is that of a true jazz artist, and it looks like Mr. Ray is here to stay!

There's no question that listening to both radio and records is a real contribution to our musical enjoyment and education. But let's not forget the thrill of attending "live" performances—actual concerts complete with tuning up, instruments moving in perfect time together, and thunderous applause! Whether it be a hit musical, a performance by a single artist, a great symphony orchestra or the local high school operetta, try to attend and experience for yourself the fascinating excitement of a live performance.

If you are in an area of the country where there is television, you have an opportunity to see top productions like the Dinah Shore or Fred Waring shows and those starring the various leading bands or musical artists. These programs provide good music with appropriate backgrounds and arrangements. You can almost select your favorite kind of song, from hit tune to opera aria, and then spin the dial to the show offering that type of music. Musical shows provide a large

share of television entertainment, so select the best and sit in on a new type of live presentation!

One of the best things about television is the experimentation such a free medium allows. On Christmas Eve the first opera ever written for television was performed and unanimously acclaimed. Opera composer Gian-Carlo Menotti wrote *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, with music and English libretto (story) adapted to the Christmas theme. RCA Victor has recorded the opera in its entirety. The opera presentation was particularly important because it marked a new pathway for exploration on the already versatile television screen.

Billy Eckstine and George Shearing proved to be a smash combination last year, and now it's Mr. E. teamed with Sarah Vaughan in a new MGM release of Cole Porter's *I Love You* . . . Popular TV star Bill Hayes scores again with *We Won't Live in a Castle*, while romantic Bill Farrell (whose *Shrimp Boats* was really powerful, by the way) suggests *Call Me a Dreamer*. Cheers, too, for Art Mooney's *Slow Poke*, new star Victor Marchese's deep-voiced *When I Dream of Home* (an English hit transplanted) the always-good Tommy Edwards with *Please, Mr. Sun* and Art Lund's snappy *Be My Life's Companion* . . . All the above are from hit-producing MGM and bid fair to become popularity-poll winners this spring!

Victor's Eddie Fisher contributes *Never Before* as one of his best recordings to date, and Vaughn Monroe offers *Once* backed by the ever-lovely *Charmaine* . . . The whispery April Stevens reminds one to learn the *Tricks of the Trade* and suggests it's a companionable idea to *Put Me in Your Pocket* . . . Just a few of Victor's many good new releases.

Perhaps you are already familiar with *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*, composed by the Frenchman Dukas in 1897. This is the story of a magician's young helper who seeks to imitate his master and secretly learns the magic words which order the broom to fetch water from the well. In the magician's absence, the boy, delighted to get out of work, sends the broom to do his errand. More and more water is brought as the boy realizes he has forgotten the magic word that will stop the broom's activity. A minor flood begins and is about to engulf the frightened apprentice when his master returns and speaks the magic formula which sends the broom to stand quietly in its corner once more.

This short orchestral piece was inspired by an old ballad and is charming program music. Columbia has recorded it on the same Lp record as Debussy's *Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun* and Honegger's *Concertino for Piano and Orchestra*.

THE END

through the house. Patty opened the door and scuttled back to take refuge with Mrs. Hortense in the back parlor. Vinnie held her ground, although she felt her knees quaking under the sprigged muslin. The opened door revealed a young officer in the hated British scarlet and beside him Henry Soames, stocky and heavy-jowled. Henry's beady eyes peered into the shadowed depths of the hall.

"Is your grandfather home?" he asked. Vinnie turned pointedly away from him and addressed the officer. "What is your business here, sir?" she asked. "There are no menfolk at home, only my aunt and myself and the servants. Please to go away."

The young lieutenant touched his gold-laced hat courteously. "Be assured, Miss, you've nothing to fear from us. I've come on His Majesty's business to secure horses in the King's name for the King's troops."

"We have no horses here for the King," Lavinia answered, and she felt her heart race under her tight bodice.

"I told you they were stubborn rebels. The old rogue's a neighborhood ringleader," Soames muttered. "But they have four good horses, as I said."

"We have no horses for King George," Lavinia repeated, more firmly this time, anger at Soames bringing her courage back.

The officer frowned. "I must do my duty, Miss. I'll have the horses, whether or no, and your saucy tongue has lost you the chance to be paid for them."

"The only horse you'll find in our stables today is a twelve-year-old plow horse," Lavinia told him. "Most of our farm work is done by oxen. Ask the stableman, he'll tell you. My grandfather has his riding horses with him, I'm glad to say."

Soames gave an angry snort. "The wench is lying. The thoroughbred I told you of is here, at least. I saw a stableboy putting him over that gate not an hour ago."

At the word "stableboy" Lavinia heard Patty's startled giggle from the parlor.

"Lieutenant," Vinnie said quickly, "this man is only trying to pay off a grudge. He has brought you here for nothing. We haven't had a stableboy for months, only old Jabez, who couldn't mount a horse to save his soul."

While the officer stood looking indecisively from glowering man to angry girl, a trooper appeared and saluted stiffly.

"Sir, there are no horses here at all, save an old nag in the barnyard that wouldn't be worth the skinning," he reported. "We've searched all the buildings and, as you can see, the pastures and fields are as bare as the palm of my hand."

The lieutenant turned on Soames. "What have you to say to that? Who's lying now?"

Soames' face was purple. "The horse must be here. I tell you I saw it myself. A big chestnut. They've hidden it somewhere."

"Bah! Try to hide a horse! You've led us six miles out of our way for nothing, when every hour counts. If we have a rebel patrol cutting us off before we get back to our lines, you'll be to blame." He was turning away when a noise from inside the house halted him. It was a tremendous, thudding clatter, followed by a crash and a woman's scream. Paralyzed with horror, Vinnie could only stand wide-eyed and rigid.

The lieutenant looked startled. "Pink my soul! The roof must be falling in," he said. "Is anyone hurt?"

"I'll just go in and have a look," Soames

said, and stepped quickly into the hall. "No, no!" Vinnie caught his arm and struggled to hold him back, but it was no use. He pulled her with him along the hall and had almost reached the parlor when the door opened suddenly. Aunt Hortense emerged, still a majestic figure although her cap was wildly tilted and a jagged rip showed in her silken gown. In her hand, moreover, she held the long, brass-handled toasting fork, and it was the sharp prongs that halted the Tory in his tracks.

"Henry Soames!" she cried. "Henry Soames inside this house! Out with you, villain, rogue, scum! It's enough that a clumsy menial has upset my best china cabinet without having this house polluted by such as you. Out of here, I say!"

Soames was backing rapidly toward the door while Aunt Hortense, brandishing the fork under his nose, pressed her advantage hard. He reached the threshold, stumbled over it, and turned for help to the soldiers. But his words were cut abruptly by a leap and a cry of pain as Aunt Hortense jabbed the fork into his coattails. It did not soothe his temper to hear guffaws of laughter from the British soldiers.

"Come, Mr. Soames, get on your horse," the lieutenant called to him. "That is, if you can sit him. The lady has routed you fairly, and we've had enough of this wild-goose chase of yours. We've no more time to waste. Your servant, Madam, and yours too, Miss." He saluted smartly and clattered away down the drive. The troopers fell in, two and two behind him. Soames struggled into his saddle and trailed after them.

As they vanished from sight among the willows, Vinnie drew a deep, free breath. "Saved! Robin is saved—and by you, Aunt Hortense!" She flung her arms about her aunt. All the long months of smoldering resentment and dislike were dissolved in a warm rush of gratitude.

"Well!" Mrs. Hortense freed herself at last. "Nat should thank us both. But bless us all, what a sight I must be, and the parson will arrive any minute. And my parlor! Lavinia, you and Benjy remove that animal at once. It will take more than lavender water to make the room presentable. I assure you. Patty, lay the tea table in the front room and cut another plum cake. I fed the other to that horse to keep him quiet."

"Did—did Robin really knock over your china cabinet?" Lavinia asked.

"Yes, he did. But much as I valued it and its contents, I vow that one jab into Tory Soames' coattails was well worth their loss."

"Oh, Aunt Hortense," Vinnie embraced her again. "I do love you most truly!"

Mrs. Hortense submitted to this second onslaught with good grace, then drew away, straightening her cap. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes bright. She looked pleased and almost pretty. "That's all very well, Lavinia," she said. "But I hope you will bear in mind that I let no word of untruth pass my lips. When I said 'clumsy menial,' it was very clear in my mind that the horse is man's faithful servant."

Vinnie, her eyes bright with tears and laughter, answered demurely, "Yes, Aunt Hortense."

THE END

EDITOR'S NOTE: This story is based on the legend of Tempe Wick, a real girl of colonial days, who is said to have hidden her horse from the British in a bedroom of her house, the Wick homestead, which still stands in Jockey Hollow, Morristown, New Jersey.

Lucille Burke's

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ELKHART, INDIANA

Fat. "Don't Tell Me You Came With That Little Fat Girl!"

She closed her eyes and a misty fog engulfed her. The years rolled back, like a movie in quick reverse. Carol smiled in her reverie. She was thinking of the first time they tried on lipstick.

Carol had a small tube of the parental tabooed make-up, a sample from the drug-store. They both decided to try it, this adult, mysterious experiment, and locked themselves in the bathroom.

It was a slow, exacting process, to get it on straight. They had almost succeeded when her father knocked at the door. "You've been in there forty minutes," he said. "Do you think you're the only one in the house?"

The shame of being caught in a shady act colored their faces as they hurriedly tried to remove the traces of guilt from their lips. A minute later they crept out, hoping that no one would notice the slight crimson smears that just wouldn't come off.

And the time they went to that teen club. A popular singer was making a personal appearance. They listened to his records; now they could see him—perhaps even get his autograph.

But it wasn't the handsome singer who caught their attention. It was the scores of teen-agers, slightly older than themselves. Fascinated, they watched them, smoking, dancing, holding hands. So *this* was the semiadult life into which they'd soon be plunged.

From that day on they did nothing else but spy on the coupled-off "older crowd." Would they too, someday, act in the same way?

Once Peggy pleaded, "Promise me that you'll never be like them." Her tone reeked with the repugnance and vulgarity of it all. And Carol had answered, "I promise."

But at the same time she was crossing her fingers because this newly discovered realm intrigued her.

To seal this solemn promise they bought identical red jackets. They were brilliant red, almost scarlet, and had been the envy of the neighborhood.

Many were the times they strolled down the avenue, their collars turned up, their bobs ruffled by the wind. And nothing pleased them more than to be mistaken for sisters.

Then, one night, Carol went to a dance with Mary Alice, a girl from her homeroom. They danced, were cut in on, and once, even cut in on a cut-in. Carol was in ecstasy.

Peggy found out and was shocked. Carol, trying to make appeasement vowed, "I won't go anymore." Then they made plans to go to the movies on Easter. They had always gone together, as long as Carol could remember. It had become almost habitual. "It'll be just like old times," Peggy said.

But that night, wearing the red jacket, she went to the dance again, in her first pair of high heels. Mary Alice had a miserable time—no one danced with her, but Carol met Tom.

He was not too much older than she, only slightly taller, and his hair was red and freckles were splattered on his nose. But he liked her, he said so himself, and he wanted a date.

"How about Sunday?" he asked.

Sunday was Easter.

When she told Peggy, her friend's face fell. Carol realized that if she went out with Tom, things would never be the same between them again.

"You'll have to decide."

Carol stared into the mirror. She was still wearing the jacket, the red jacket, sign of their friendship—Peggy's and hers.

Only now it was old and faded; the elbows were shiny and the belt too high, and her arms protruded two inches from the sleeves.

"Who is it going to be, me—or him?"

Then slowly, ever so slowly, Carol took off the jacket to put it away. She'd never wear it again. It was something that belonged to the past, to a life gone forever.

"It will be just like old times."

No, it could never be the same again. Not now. And trying hard not to cry, she went to the telephone to call Peggy and tell her that she had decided. She was going with Tom.

ARLENE BRENT (age 16) Rochester, New York

Color Impressions

Poetry Award

Blue

Blue is depressing—gay.

Blue is depth—height.

Blue is rich—pale.

Blue is the Virgin Mary.

Green

Green is malice, jealousy,

envy, hatred;

Green is birth, sustenance,

strength,

Peace.

Black

Black—stark beginning,

Chaos,

Torment, death,

Annihilation.

Yellow

Yellow is the sun, warning,

Enveloping, soothing.

Yellow is the yolk of an egg,

Carefully tended into the

Pale yellow of a downy chick.

Yellow is the bright, the cheery,

the stimulating

Color of life.

JULIA CONKLING (age 13) Evanston, Illinois

My Road

Nonfiction Award

Have you ever walked along a road, any road all by yourself? Somehow you are not really alone because you have your thoughts for company, whether you want them or not.

When you walk down this road you start thinking about the things you've done and said; how, if you had omitted that one word from your conversation with Bob or Betty, that fight never would have started.

And that composition—it really was good, wasn't it? Kinda makes a girl feel good to get an A on her composition. Many thoughts like these come to your mind when you're walking down this road. The road changes with your thoughts. At times it is lovely and you wish to linger; but, as your thoughts become unhappy the road seems to grow ugly, and you long to hurry on.

I've often walked down a road like this, a quiet, peaceful road in the heart of noisy New York City. You see, I am journeying along the road of my thoughts.

ZELDA PATT (age 14) Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ouch!

Poetry Award

*Spring's begun, Winter's over.
The meadow's all abloom with clover.
The honey bee's begun to buzz,
I'm not very happy—just because
Its stinger isn't where it was.*

ANN COXE (age 11) Fairfield, Connecticut

The Doll Festival

Nonfiction Award

The Hina or Doll Festival is a day that all Japanese girls look forward to. It is held on March third and is sometimes called the Peach Festival because it comes during the season of peach blossoms, the symbol of grace and gentleness of Japanese maidenhood.

The dolls are set up on what looks like a staircase, four or five feet high and covered with a red cloth.

On the top shelf on the left is the Emperor and on the right the Empress against a background of a gold screen about six to eight inches high. Between them is a small lacquer table with one or two vases on it. On each edge are dainty lanterns.

On the second shelf are three ladies in waiting, either one standing and two sitting, or the opposite. On each side of the doll in the middle is a table three to five inches high.

Next are the five court musicians, each with a different instrument.

On the fourth shelf are the minister of military affairs and the minister of civil affairs. The last shelf holds three footmen with a blooming cherry tree on the left and a tangerine tree on the right.

The empty spaces are filled with household furniture and miniature dishes of black and gold lacquer, filled with jellied candies and rice and bean cakes. Usually there are also two royal carriages. Altogether they make a colorful display in their beautiful costumes.

The first dolls were made of paper, and after the festival the family would have a picnic by a river and throw the dolls in. This was supposed to clear the household of all evil spirits and illnesses for the coming year. The festival was only for wealthy families until early in the seventeenth century.

The Doll Festival is not complete without *shiro-zake*, a thick, sweet, white wine. Today the girls have tea parties and offer many kinds of sweets to the dolls.

A few days after the festival the girls put their dolls away and eagerly await the next year when they will again celebrate. Hina dolls are passed on from mothers to eldest daughters when they marry, and new sets are given to younger daughters to take to their new homes.

ELIZABETH D. FISHER (age 11) Tokyo, Japan

The Day

Poetry Award

*The sky . . .
is a sleepy pale blue
with marshmallow
clouds floating
around and making
crowns for the treetops . . .*

*It is—
cool and sunny with a quiet
little breeze whispering
secrets everywhere.*

PATSY CALYER (age 13) West Point, New York

The Art Award

Fiction Award

Julie Andrews stared dejectedly before her. Why, oh, why, couldn't that picture come out? So absorbed was she that she didn't hear footsteps behind her.

Miss Morton, Julie's teacher at the Academy of Art, looked down with concern on her prize pupil. "Can't you tell me what is wrong, Julie?"

Julie looked up suddenly. "Oh, I didn't know you were there. I'm afraid I was feeling sorry for myself, and not bothering with anyone else. Everything seems to go wrong with my picture. Do you have any ideas?"

"I'm afraid I can't help this time, Julie. You are the one who is painting the picture. If something doesn't work, try again."

Taking up her brush again Julie went to work. Everything in the picture must be precise, Julie decided. It must be perfect in detail to the last petal on the flowers. Julie loved flowers and would paint nothing else if allowed to.

Miss Morton called, "It's getting late now, Julie; you had better go home."

"I will," answered Julie, as she took a last look to see if she had forgotten anything.

Later that evening her mother asked her how she was coming along on her painting.

"Oh, it's all right, but I can't seem to get the colors to harmonize."

"You will come along all right," laughed her mother.

The next day, while Julie was working on her painting, her mother called to ask her to go on an errand. Leaving her paints as they were Julie ran out. However, her little brother, James, saw them lying there and thought it would be fun to paint.

When Julie returned a few minutes later paints were spilled, the canvas overturned, and chaos everywhere. Julie was too shocked and disappointed to say a word. Resolving not to tell anyone, she sat down to think. Then she remembered something Miss Morton had said a long time ago. "If you don't succeed once, try again."

That evening after supper Julie took a new canvas and started again. This time, however, her picture was different. Instead of the usual precise lines, the picture became exaggerated. The flowers became blurs of rose, blues, yellows, and greens. All whirling around, dancing faster and faster. Of course, this couldn't all be put on canvas like this, but it was put on to represent the flowers dancing, bowing, and waving their heads.

Julie worked until the day before the contest closed. To her amazement she found this picture much more to her liking than the others. She named it "The Waltz of the Flowers."

Finally the great day came. The picture was displayed at the Academy Galleries with the others.

The prizes were to be given for figure, design, originality, grouping, and the way the picture was planned in general.

Julie held her breath while the prizes were given out. Finally her name was called for the most original painting. Julie thought it was the happiest moment of her life.

It wasn't over however. It was when Miss Morton came up and said, "Julie, I'm proud of you. You really worked and found something original."

Julie only smiled and said, "Thank you, it was what you said about trying again that did it."

PHYLLIS TIERNEY (age 12) Sennet, New York

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BOB'S GIFTS, 87 Homer Ave., Cortland, N. Y.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Rules for BY YOU Entries

HAVE YOU SENT an entry yet for your own Contributors' Department?

Readers under eighteen years of age may send contributions to this department. Only original material, never before published anywhere, should be submitted.

"Original" means that in all contributions the idea, and the drawing or words which express that idea, must be entirely the sender's. Contributions must not be copied in any way from the work of another person.

Short Stories: Any subject that will appeal to teen-agers. Not over 800 words.

Poems: Any subject—two to twenty-five lines.

Nonfiction: Description, biographical or human-interest sketch, episode from real life. Not over 400 words. Suggested for August, 1952—CAMPING.

Drawings: Any subject. Black-and-white only, on stiff drawing paper or poster board; may be done in pencil, black writing ink, India ink, charcoal, tempera, or wash. Not smaller than 5"x7". **WARNING:** Wrap carefully!

Photographs: Any subject. Black and white only. No smaller than 2 1/4" by 2 1/4". Wrap carefully, as damaged photographs will not be considered.

RULES

1. Entries for the August, 1952, issue must be mailed on or before May 1, 1952. Entries will be considered only for the one issue of the magazine for which they are submitted.

2. On the upper half of the first page of all manuscripts—or on a sheet attached to drawings and photographs—there must be written:

The name, address, and age of sender.

Her troop number if she is a Girl Scout.

The number of words in the piece submitted.

The following endorsement, signed by parent, teacher, or guardian:

"I have seen this contribution and am convinced that it is the original idea and work of the sender."

3. Manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper only.

4. Ages of the contributors will be considered in judging, and the decision of the judges is final. A contributor may send only one entry a month—not one of each kind, but only one.

5. All manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted become the property of THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. THE AMERICAN GIRL reserves the right to cut and edit manuscripts when necessary.

AWARDS

First awards, \$10; all others, \$5. Each month a list of Honorable Mention contributions is printed. No awards are made for these.

Send entries to: "By You" Dept. Editor

The American Girl Magazine

155 East 44th St., New York 17, N.Y.

The AMERICAN GIRL Index for 1951

The AMERICAN GIRL INDEX for the past year will be printed separately, and a limited number will be available on request. The index will be classified, as usual, under the program fields of Girl Scouting. If you'd like to have a copy of the index, please address your request to The American Girl, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y., and enclose a large, stamped, self-addressed envelope.

The Voice of the Wind

Poetry Award

Have you ever heard the voice of the wind,

Sighing in the trees at sunset,

Whispering to the tall swamp grasses,

Lispings through the fields of grain,

A gentle wind, calm and sane?

Have you ever heard the voice of the wind?

Have you ever heard the voice of the wind,

Feverish, filled with dust, moistened only

with a tear,

Whistling cold with snow and sleet,

Piercing, blasting, leaving ruin in its

wake,

Leaving only shattered bits for old times' sake?

Have you ever heard the voice of the wind?

BARBARA PACKARD (age 14) Lincoln, Nebraska

The Hay Ride I Didn't Go To

Nonfiction Award

I was sitting, looking at the boy in the next row in study hall. You see, my Girl Scout troop was putting on a hay ride, and each of us was to ask a boy to go. And so now, here I was, trying to get up enough nerve to ask him to go with me. I had it all planned just what to say:

"My Girl Scout troop is putting on a hay ride, and I was wondering if you would go with me." He would say yes or no, and that would be that.

So finally, I took a great big breath and got up; I walked toward his desk. But when I got to his desk, my feet just kept right on going. They simply wouldn't stop. As you have probably guessed, I ended up at the pencil sharpener, innocently sharpening my pencil.

Well, maybe next time we have a hay ride . . .

NANCY ARCHER (age 14) Lewistown, Montana

Do Not Disturb (Continued from page 20)

out. That is why, in modern days with our airtight houses, we sleep with our windows open so that fresh oxygen is always on hand to purify the air. Don't sleep in a draft, however, because then you can easily catch cold.

Your bed should always be wider and longer than you are by a good margin, and the mattress firm so that your whole body can relax equally all over. You may think you don't move about in your sleep, but you do, so be sure you have plenty of room to move without causing tension. There is nothing more restful, more relaxing than a well-made bed, so if you have not already mastered the art of good bedmaking, now is the time to get to work at it. The sheets should be smooth and tucked in well and squarely at the corners, the blanket smooth and certainly well-tucked in at the foot, lightly in at the sides, with plenty left over at the top to cover your shoulders during cold weather. Otherwise you will huddle yourself down in a little ball in an effort to keep warm. Remember you are not a pussycat or a porcupine designed to curl up like a fat pincushion when you sleep. You were planned to lie straight out so that your blood can circulate down to your littlest toe and your lungs expand from the end of the diaphragm up. The less pillow you sleep on the better; no pillow is best.

Many people believe that it is a fine thing to eat heartily just before you go to bed. They say, "Animals always go right to sleep after a good meal so why shouldn't we?" But animals do that because sleep helps digestion, not because eating helps sleep. Most experts say that human beings sleep best when the stomach is practically empty. So if you are one who likes to eat before you go to bed, make it a light snack of fruit or easily digested cereal. A cup of warm milk with one of the many malt preparations is pleasantly sleep-inducing in cold weather or after you have been studying late.

And this brings us to what your mind does about letting itself relax once you are in bed. How many times have you thought you were so tired you could hardly get undressed, only to find that once in bed, with the light out, all the anxieties, the petty worries, the mistakes you may have made in your relationships with the people you know, paraded themselves before you like

ghosts? It's a lonely time, those minutes or half hours between saying good night to the family and getting off to the Land of Nod of our almost forgotten nursery rhymes. If you have had a happy, productive day you will go to sleep as easily as a newborn babe. But not all days are as simple as that, and we need to learn to put those bad ones behind us when bedtime comes.

A warm bath is a wonderful way to begin the sleep-wooing process when you are all keyed up. Not a hot steamer but one just warm enough to be soothing without stimulating, and to be stayed in until you feel as limp as a piece of seaweed floating in a southern sea. Reading something which is the opposite of exciting is another good way to break nervous tension. One high school girl we know who says she just doesn't like poetry always keeps a book of verse by her bed, and when her brain begins to buzz around in circles, she opens it at random. She says she has yet to finish a sonnet before the lines blur and that takes care of that.

Counting sheep, of course, is the traditional mental sleeping pill, but variations you invent for yourself are more fun. Try naming all the cities you can think of which begin with "A" and go on down the alphabet; the odds are you'll never get much further than "M." Or furnish your dream house piece by piece. These are known in psychology circles as "repetitious substitutions for compulsive thinking," and are almost sure to do the trick.

But there is a still better way to use this little island of being by yourself at the end of a day than playing games. That way is to look squarely at whatever thought is keeping you awake and say to yourself, "This too will pass." Then by an act of will push the whole thing away. Lie flat on your back, breathe deeply and evenly while you "think" your body down, down into the bed with every muscle consciously relaxed. This is a good habit to form, for you will find it stands you in good stead as life goes on. There will be many occasions when you will have grave responsibilities to face and will need the refreshment of a good night's sleep above all else. A quiet mind leads to healthy sleep. And just before you drift away, you might remember this is the moment to say a little prayer for grace and a blessing for tomorrow.

THE END

From Maine to California

**YOUR UNIFORM IS
GOING PLACES**

*Your Senior Girl Scout
Uniform is being seen
... recognized ... admired
from coast to coast.*

Half a million Senior Girl Scouts, busy young moderns, like yourself, are wearing their uniforms in all of their activities. Whether your troop chooses the dress or the skirt and blouse . . . wear it with pride!

Left—Alternate Senior Uniform. Sanforized white cotton broadcloth blouse, dark green gabardine skirt of rayon and acetate.

Blouse, sizes 10 to 20.	3-101 . . . 2.50
Skirt, waist sizes 23, 24, 25, 27, 29, 31, and 33".	3-102 . . . 4.95
Hat, size 21 to 24".	3-150 . . . 1.50

Right—Official Senior Uniform. Sanforized green cotton covert.

Uniform, sizes 10 to 20.	3-100 . . . 6.50
Leather Belt, sizes 24 to 44".	2-166 . . . 1.00
Hat, sizes 21 to 24".	3-150 . . . 1.50

Registered Senior Girl Scouts may purchase official uniforms at their local equipment agency.

GIRL SCOUTS of the U.S.A.



All Over the Map



Headline News in Girl Scouting



Girl Scouts of Troy, Ohio, with marionettes and the stage designed for them



"How can our Girl Scouts help in the civil defense program?" asked the San Gabriel, California, Council. When they were told that their best contribution would be training the girls, through their regular program activities, to be prepared for emergencies, the Council decided to concentrate on courses in certain special skills.

The Intermediates began with an intensive course in outdoor cooking at the Day Camp. All of the girls had had some experience in outdoor cookery, so the program started with a refresher course in tin-can cookery. Following that, at each session of the Day Camp a different consultant taught them some new skill.

When the local chapter of the Red Cross asked the Girl Scouts to demonstrate outdoor cooking at a Red Cross canteen course, the girls were delighted with the opportunity to show the community the value and importance of the skills they had acquired. Four girls were chosen for the demonstration by drawing the names of the lucky Scouts from a bag. Permission was given to use the school grounds for the demonstration, and the girls carefully dug out the spot for their fire, set out water buckets (made from tin cans and painted red in the Day Camp) and stacked wood neatly according to size. When the chief of the fire department inspected their preparations his verdict was, "It's fine!"

Then the girls put on a demonstration for the people taking the Red Cross canteen course. This included fire building; safety and fire precautions; types of fires best suited to various kinds of outdoor cooking; utensils that could be made in an emergency

from things at hand; ways of cooking different kinds of foods out of doors.

The Intermediates, in addition to outdoor cooking, are receiving training in first aid, home nursing, and child care. Equipped with these skills, the girls know that they can be of real service in an emergency. This group has also carried out some fine "good neighbor" projects. One of the most successful was making some two hundred stuffed toys for needy children of the community, and children of patients in veterans' hospitals.

Senior Scouts, too, have slanted their program toward civil defense. Many of these older girls are serving as hospital aides, and others are working part time at the Pasadena Filter Board of the Western Air Defense Center. They alternate in this important work with a group of Explorer Boy Scouts.

The Council reports that "How to Be Prepared," the pamphlet distributed by the Program Department of National Headquarters, has been a source of many ideas for good, interesting activities for the San Gabriel Girl Scouts at all age levels.



Comes the spring—and to Girl Scouts everywhere comes the urge to be out digging. This month we are giving a few accounts of what some Girl Scouts have done which may suggest good ideas, and perhaps inspire others to try their hands and trowels.

One of the most forward-looking and ambitious activities we have heard of in many a moon is being carried out by Intermediate and Senior Girl Scouts in Hamburg, Pennsylvania. These girls have planted one thousand pine and spruce trees on a sloping

piece of land leased to them by a farmer. When the trees are big enough, they will be sold for Christmas trees, and the money used to further Girl Scout projects.

The one thousand trees were planted in a little less than eight hours on a single Saturday, by teams of girls working in two-hour shifts. The farmer plowed the furrows, keeping just ahead of the planters. Each team was made up of one adult and three girls. One girl measured off four feet and dug a hole for each tree; the second girl carried a bucket of little trees; the third girl planted the trees and firmed the soil; and the adult supervised the whole operation. When the trees were all in, the planted area was enclosed and signs posted to warn off hunters.

The girls planted 750 seedlings of red pine and Norway spruce, and 250 three-year-old transplanted red pines. The three-year transplants can be harvested four years after planting, the seedlings seven years after they are put in. Plans for replacing cut trees have not been worked out, but the Girl Scouts may plant one thousand new trees every two years, thus insuring an annual crop. To lend a personal touch to the project, each girl was given a lead tag with which she marked one of the trees that she had helped to plant.

As a thank-you to the farmer, the girls went out to his farm the next week and planted some seedlings for him.



In Anchorage, Alaska, Brownie Troop 39 had so much pleasure, profit, and fun from their garden last summer that they have some very ambitious plans for this year.

It began last spring, when their leader loaned space in her backyard for a troop

garden. Lettuce, carrots, radishes, and beets were planted, and when the faint rows of green began to appear, the Brownies' excitement knew no bounds. The plot was carefully tended and watered, and when the radishes, the first crop, were ready to be pulled, each girl took her share home to her mother. Fresh vegetables are very expensive in Alaska, and the Brownies voted to let their parents have the radishes at a bargain price of five cents a bunch. (A Brownie whose father was away kept her radishes until he returned, two weeks later.)

When the other vegetables were ready to be picked, they also were sold at bargain prices, and the money added to the troop treasury. Some of the carrots, however, never reached a cooking pot, for the temptation to eat, raw, some of the carrots they had raised themselves occasionally proved too much for the young gardeners. The pet rabbit of one Brownie received the greater part of her share of his favorite vegetable.

As they worked in their garden, the troop decided it needed flowers. So they began to bring back from their hikes plants of two of their most common wild flowers, the Alaska Shooting Star and the iris, for transplanting to their garden.

A visit to the annual flower show of the Garden Club of Anchorage was a part of

their project, and the Brownies gleaned much information and many new ideas. Now they not only are planning another garden for this summer, but would like to have their very own exhibit for this year's Garden Club Show.

✿ Tulips white and blue will add a touch of gay, fresh beauty this spring to the entrance to the public library in Lynbrook, Long Island, thanks to the Girl Scouts.

The Scouts are constantly in and out of the building, for the librarian is very much interested in their activities, and helpful in referring them to the books they need in their badge work and projects.

So last fall the Fly-Ups to Troop 165 decided it would be nice to do something to show their appreciation. When they had the necessary permission, they met at the library one Saturday morning to plant tulip bulbs. The co-leader of the troop, whose hobby is flower raising, supervised their work, and suggested how they should plant the bulbs to get the best effect against the green shrubbery. Now the girls are watching eagerly for the flowering of their nice bit of community service.

✿ At this time of year, most of us are looking two ways at once—forward to spring and summer, backward to winter's good times. For a group of Senior Girl Scouts in Denver, Colorado, the highlight of their winter reminiscences is sure to be the four days they spent at the Girl Scout campsite on Coal Creek Canyon.

Eight experienced Seniors and two adults set off during the Christmas vacation to camp in Colorado's beautiful, snow-covered mountains. When they reached the canyon they had to toboggan and jeep their equipment into the campsite from the road, and shovel eight inches of snow before they could set up the tents. They cooked over an open campfire, in front of which a lean-to was built for warmth. Fire bricks, kept in the campfire all day, were put into buckets at night and used to warm the tents; hot water in canteens heated the bedrolls. They brought with them dried and powdered foods, as well as canned food which they packed in rock wool in portable iceboxes. Water cans were buried deep in the snow to keep them from freezing.

It snowed and it snowed, and the campers loved it. They explored the campsite thoroughly, and gathered fuel for the all-important campfire. Weather forecasts were made twice daily. There was the breathless exhilaration of tobogganing and snowshoeing, and the thrill of identifying and trailing the many animal tracks. After an early, hearty supper, all were ready to creep into the bedrolls at seven in the evening, and

slept soundly until eight the next morning.

Only Seniors with rigorous advanced camping experience were eligible for this most exciting winter-camp trip, which is a part of the Denver Girl Scouts' year-round camping program. It was a glorious, if rugged, experience, and none of them would exchange those four days for anything steam-heated city life has to offer.

✿ Silent ambassadors of good will for the Girl Scouts of Troy, Ohio, are the marionettes of Troop 5. The girls and their "little people" have given many performances for various groups in their community, and their shows have become very popular.

The seven-string marionettes were made by the girls as a troop project. The clever stage was designed for their original plays by their two leaders, who have worked with the girls since they all started together in a Brownie troop. During the performances, each girl manipulates the character which she herself created.

Making the marionettes was a long-term project. First the heads were molded by hand; next the bodies were made from scraps of lumber from the local lumberyard. The arms and legs were made from small pieces of dowel pins, fastened together at the joints with pieces of cloth, so that they bend easily and naturally. Next came the important job of clothing the little people. Each girl dressed her marionette in a costume appropriate to the character she had created in making the head. When the dolls were finished, the leaders helped the girls string them, and taught them the finger movements by which the dolls are made to come alive.

The result of all this is a troupe of widely different characters—clowns and witches; princesses and scullery maids; queens, farmers, and just plain people. Some of the marionettes were patterned after well-known fairy-tale characters, while others were entirely original inspirations. And the original plays which the girls have created are as clever and different as their characters.

Making and working with the marionettes have opened up many new skills for these Girl Scouts. They learned about painting, dyeing, and woodworking in making the dolls. History and costume planning were involved in clothing them quite as much as designing and sewing. Manual dexterity was developed as they learned to manipulate expertly the many strings by which they make the actors do their bidding. And plenty of creative writing and stagecraft goes into their original plays.

For the community in general, the marionettes of Troop 5 have been an excellent example of the many things that Scouting has to offer girls.

THE END

ATTENTION, PLEASE!

This department is for news about Girl Scouts everywhere: what they are doing and how they are doing it. Girl Scouts—and Girl Guides too—from all over the world tell us how much they enjoy reading about your activities, what fine ideas you have given them in this department. So please continue to send us good accounts of your fun, your community services, your special or pet projects. And send us photographs—glossy prints, large and clear—that will reproduce well in the magazine. Pictures that tell a story are best, with the girls in good poses, busy with some activity.

Remember, this is the Girl Scouts' very own department—let's make it a good one!

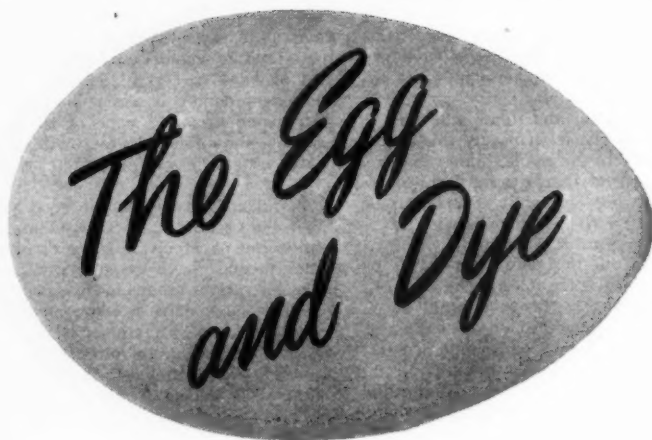


Experienced campers all, Senior Girl Scouts of Denver, Colorado, look after their equipment on the site of their four-day winter camp on Coal Creek Canyon

Jerry O'Brien Photo



San Gabriel, California, Girl Scouts receive training in fire building, safety precautions, and outdoor cooking, to be ready for community emergencies



by JOAN L. CARTER

Drawings by Joan L. Carter

The engaging story of how the custom of giving decorated eggs at Easter came into being

ONCE UPON A TIME" is almost the only way to begin a biography of the Easter Egg, for its history is a proper fairy tale starting way back in a never-never land of time when some human hand first splashed the egg's white surface with brilliant hues. Our hero (or heroine) whether prince or pauper, man or woman, remains unknown and unsung. But, from this moment the egg, rich with rainbow colors, bedecked with bits of silk and ribbon, sometimes even bejeweled, has rolled on through the ages bringing with it

eggs are dyed red in remembrance of the blood of Christ which dripped on the eggs placed at the foot of the cross by His mother, Mary, and our egg-rolling contests today symbolize the rolling away of the stone from Christ's tomb.

But the egg has not been limited to legend or religious observance alone. Many a time it was put to hard practical use. For instance, eggs were payable at Easter as part of the rent due from tenants to ecclesiastical landlords of the Middle Ages. An old English record for 1262 shows that twenty-four tenants and cottagers of the Manor of Saperton in Gloucestershire each gave five eggs to the lord of the manor. Red-dyed eggshells have served as messengers, too! During the feast of Blajini, Romanian women threw the shells into the streams to be carried to the "Blajini," meek, good-natured men who lived saintly lives in some distant place known vaguely as a land by the "Sunday water." There is grave doubt that anyone had ever seen the Blajini, but the ritual was repeated year by year to make sure the men would see the red shells floating in the water and be reminded to celebrate Easter.

All over Europe the people took the old ceremonies and traditions, handed down from one generation to another, to their hearts and kept them alive. Friends greeted one another on the street with "Christ is risen!" "He is risen indeed!" was the answer.

With that they hit two eggs together, and the one whose egg did not smash claimed one from the basket of his friend. For the one who collected the most eggs a prize was given. In Finland boys and girls spanked one another with pussywillow or birch switches until they received rewards of eggs. Easter-egg hunts, in various forms,

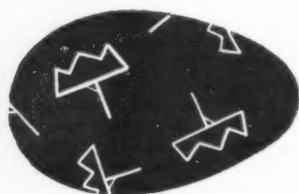
can be found in the literature of many lands.

Perhaps the most loved by all people anywhere was the custom of dyeing and decorating eggs at Easter-time. Because the Romanian peasants lived so close to the land they had great affection for placing the simple things they knew on their eggs—the hoe, the

grass the lamb eats, the acacia leaf. Sometimes they washed their eggs with sour whey, for this made the egg take color and wax more easily. A small metal tube with an aspen nib set in a wooden handle was



Grass the lamb eats

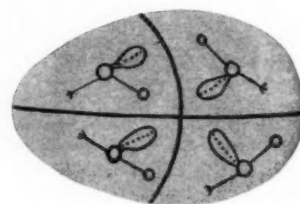


The hoe

strange tales of goddesses and witches, magic, mystery, and a symbolism so ancient it is no longer understood.

Of these tales there is the story of the Keltic Druids who believed the egg was the special symbol of a goddess called Llywy. Somewhere along the way through history both the name and personality of the goddess underwent a change, but she still retained her favorite treasure—the egg—this time a golden one. You know her as Mother Goose of nursery-rhyme fame. The Teutonic goddess Eostre wore a large egg on her head, and it was she who, on a whim, changed her pet bird into a rabbit. So, enter the bunny—surely the illustrious ancestor of our own Easter Bunny, who still remembers that he was once a bird and fills green nests with colored eggs.

In Christian times the egg took on a deep and meaningful significance as the symbol of new life. Just as Christ rose from the tomb on Easter morning, so new life springs forth from the egg. It is a legend in many countries that



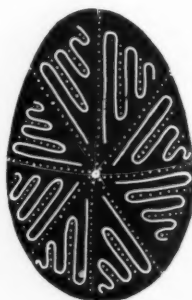
Little storks

filled with beeswax and used to apply the designs. After the wax hardened, the eggs were set in red dye, generally made from logwood. When the wax was removed the designs appeared in clear white.

In Transylvania designs were applied in two or more colors, while the Macedonians used only red and white. The latter boiled the eggs in logwood dye and when they were cool placed threads of wax on them by hand. The next step was to boil them again in sour whey or citric acid which bleached the color off except where the wax was applied.

The mighty influence of Renaissance art in Italy was felt even in the decoration of eggs which were often cleaned out, cut in half, and lined with gilt paper or gold leaf. Inside the shells monks painted beautiful figures of the saints or pasted on cutouts of bits of silk. Handsome designs were placed on the outside, too, and the egg halves were hinged and tied with ribbons.

Because the egg is so fragile and not



Frogs' or serpents' skins

easily kept, it became a practice in Germany to make eggs of porcelain, ivory, mother-of-pearl, bronze, and silver. Trinkets were placed within these luxurious eggs, and they were given to friends.

In keeping with this same idea were the eggs of iron and gold made in Russia, and necklaces fashioned of several little golden eggs. Whether simple or lavish, the tradition of giving decorated eggs at Easter is one of our most engaging customs.

This Easter, borrow a bit from our heritage from many countries, add a dash of imagination, and create designs both beautiful and unique. Take a tip from the decorated eggs which illustrate this article by drawing designs of objects familiar to you.

Here are some simple steps to follow: Use fresh, clean, white eggs; boil them first for ten minutes and then let them cool. Be sure they are cool before you apply any designs with tallow (fat from beef or mutton, boiled and strained clear), melted paraffin, or white crayon, for if the egg is warm the wax will run on the egg and spoil your design. The dye bath should be cool, too; otherwise it will melt away your design.

Take a thin nail, pin, or bobby pin, dip it in the melted wax, tallow or paraffin, and drip your wax design on the cooled egg.

When the wax design has hardened, dip the egg in the prepared lukewarm dye bath. After the color is set remove the egg with a large spoon and let it dry on newspaper. Be careful that it does not stick to the paper. Then, take a rag that has been dipped in hot water and wipe the wax off the egg. Your design will appear clear and white when the wax has been removed.

If you desire designs in color, not just white, apply wax designs again to the egg, but not on the places that show white. For instance, if your egg is blue with white designs, apply more wax drawings on the blue part. Dip the egg again, this time in red dye. The white design will come out bright red, the part of the egg that was blue and not waxed will be purple, and when you remove the wax design from the egg, that part will be blue.

You can achieve rainbow effects on your eggs if you add a spoonful of olive oil or melted lard to the dye bath. The swirl of color will adhere to the egg when you dip it into this preparation.

Sometimes it is sad to see the results of your labors being smashed and eaten. Should you want to preserve your eggs and avoid having them spoiled, blowing them out first is the answer. This way they will keep for years, provided they are carefully put away. Here is how to do this: Take a fresh, clean, white raw egg. Carefully prick a small hole in one end with a pin. Make a slightly larger pinhole in the other end. Gently but firmly blow into the smaller hole until the raw egg comes out through the larger hole.

It is up to you whether you dye the eggs before or after blowing them out. Since they are exceedingly fragile after the blowing, you may wish to design and dye them first. (But do not boil them if you want to blow them later.) With this process you won't have to worry about plugging the holes while dyeing to prevent the dye from running inside and gurgling about.

You'll find your Easter morning a lot brighter if you have colorful eggs to give to friends and family. Gather a few together to make your gift, then like Eostre's pet rabbit, tuck them into a nest of green, green grass.

THE END

WHERE TO BUY AMERICAN GIRL FASHIONS

OUR APRIL COVER dress may be purchased at these stores

Atlanta, Ga. Davison Paxton
Baltimore, Md. Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
Boston, Mass. Filene's
Brooklyn, N. Y. Abraham & Straus
Cleveland, Ohio Halle Bros.
Dallas, Tex. Young Ages, Inc.
Detroit, Mich. The J. L. Hudson Co.
Los Angeles, Calif. Bullock's
Miami, Fla. Hartley's
Millburn, N. J. Teen Haven
Minneapolis, Minn. Power's Dry Goods Co.
New Haven, Conn. Eli Moore Co.
New York, N. Y. Lord & Taylor's
Orlando, Fla. Dickson & Ives
Reading, Pa. C. K. Whitner Co.
Richmond, Va. Thalheimer's
St. Louis, Mo. Stix, Baer & Fuller
Washington, D. C. The Hecht Co.

The PRIZE PURCHASE dress on page 23 may be purchased at these stores

Binghamton, N. Y. Hills, McLean & Haskins
Brooklyn, N. Y. Martin's
Chicago, Ill. Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
Cleveland, Ohio The Higbee Co.
Dayton, Ohio Rike-Kumler Co.
Detroit, Mich. J. L. Hudson Co.
Houston, Texas Sakowitz
Miami, Fla. Burdine's, Inc.
Milwaukee, Wisc. Boston Store
Minneapolis, Minn. Dayton Co.
New York, N. Y. Bloomingdale's
Philadelphia, Pa. Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh, Pa. Kaufmann's
Richmond, Va. Thalheimer's
Salt Lake City, Utah Auerbach's
Washington, D. C. Woodward & Lothrop

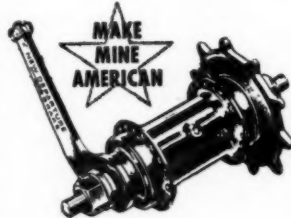


★ New Departure's Scrapbook of famous American Outdoorsmen

★ BLANCHE SAUNDERS

America's leading trainer of dogs through the Obedience Training Method started her interesting outdoor career when she was still in her teens. Photo shows her training a black standard poodle to hurdle obstacles on command.

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Complexion Hints

by Gina Farley



Want to be popular?

Of course you do! It's the most natural desire in the world for every girl to want to be liked and admired. But you know, nothing undermines your self-confidence and spoils your good times so completely as getting snarled up in a teen-age complexion problem.

Masquerade parties

are about the only social stunt a girl can really enjoy when her face pops out in "spots"! Even they are no fun after the masks come off! Fortunately, many blemishes have an external cause. Often they come from carelessness in the way you cleanse your skin.



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Jokes

WHO COULD HAVE TOLD HER?

Alice had just learned the story of Columbus, and was telling it to her mother. "... and his ships were named the *Nina*, the *Pinta*, and the—the—"

"The *Santa Maria*," prompted her mother.

"That's right. And the queen's name was—"

"Isabella," said her mother.

"Mother," demanded Alice with sudden suspicion, "have you heard this story before?"

Sent by ROSA BLAYLOCK, Seminole, Oklahoma

BEST THEY COULD DO WITH IT

A mountaineer from way back in the hills was on his first visit to the city. Tapping the sidewalk with his foot he drawled:

"I kin see why they built a city here. This ground ain't fit to plow, anyways."

Sent by GERALDINE TEAL, Janesville, Wisconsin

PLANS FOR THE FUTURE

SMALL BOY: How much longer will I have to eat spinach to be able to lick anybody who tries to make me eat spinach?

Sent by MARCIA SLACK, Glendale, California

SCOTCH WIT

A gushing lady once met Sir James Barrie at a dinner party. "Oh, Sir James," she said, "I do so love your plays! Are they all as successful as 'Peter Pan'?"

"Well," replied the playwright, "they either Peter out or they Pan out."

Sent by CARLENE SCHUMAN, Sheed, Oregon

CURVED FRONT

The visitor was trying to make friends with the young son of the house.

"I think I have met all your family except your Uncle Henry," she said. "How does he look—I mean, which side of the house does he look like?"

The little boy thought a moment. "I guess," he said finally, "the side of the house with the bay window."

Sent by GENE HUME, Endeavor, Wisconsin

BULL-Y ACCELERATION

HIKER: Can I catch the 6:45 train if I cut through this field?

FARMER: If my bull sees you, you might catch the 6:15.

Sent by CHARLES BRATCHER, Lancaster, South Carolina

N'EST-CE PAS

MARY: Why does the French teacher call at the Browns' home each day?

SUE: The Browns are studying French.

MARY: Why?

SUE: Oh, they adopted a French baby, and when the baby begins to talk they want to be able to understand what it says.

Sent by MARY HOWARD, Jacksonville, Florida

MUCH PREFERRED

An earthquake in a South American town frightened the inhabitants, and one family sent their little boy to stay with relatives in a district some distance away. Two days later the parents received this telegram:

"Am returning your boy. Send the earthquake."

Sent by MARGARET BUCHANAN, Hickory, Pennsylvania

SURE IT'S THE OWNER?

ANN: I just dropped in to get the umbrella you borrowed from me last week.

ANGELA: Sorry, but I lent it to a friend of mine. Need it?

ANN: Not for myself, but the girl I borrowed it from says the owner wants it back.

Sent by KAREN CORBETT, Antwerp, Belgium

The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, and age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.



"The doctor told me to avoid irregular hours, but that's easy... they all seem to me to be the same length."

that had taken place. Always before she had felt that Pam contributed so much more to their relationship than she, Penny, ever could. Maybe some of the resentment she used to feel for Pam's greater popularity had grown out of her own sense of inadequacy. But she didn't feel inadequate anymore, and her resentment was nothing but a wry memory. Now, in this moment, Penny felt secure at last in her own triumph as an individual. And Pam's manner seemed to be touched with a new respect, rather than the kindly pity Penny had sometimes sensed in her. She had a suspicion being twins was going to be more fun after this.

Time alternately flew and dragged during the next few weeks. Sometimes Penny thought that prom night would never come. Then again it seemed she couldn't possibly squeeze in all the things she had to do before then.

"Relax," Mike kidded her. "You're so excited I'm afraid you're going to take off like a skyrocket."

Already their association had assumed a sort of pattern. Mike came over to see her often. Sometimes they went out and sometimes they didn't. The important thing was being together. There were so many things to talk about, so many interesting discoveries to be made about each other, how they thought and felt, what they planned to do with their lives. Mike, Penny learned, wanted to be a teacher.

"Maybe I'll never get rich," he grinned. "But it's a good life, with time for reading and writing, all the things I like to do. And I think it's an important job."

Penny thought so, too. She felt proud of Mike and happy in the understanding that seemed to grow and deepen between them day by day.

During those crowded busy weeks, a surprising thing happened. Gran and Lucius Hancock decided to get married.

"It's only sensible," Gran said, when she told Mother and the twins about it. "We're very fond of each other and you'll be able to manage without me, now that the girls are practically grown up. And Lucius is lonely, rattling around in that big house of his all by himself."

All of them kissed Gran and wished her well, but when the excitement had died down a bit, Pam looked at Penny and they both started to laugh.

"What's wrong with you two?" Mother demanded, frowning.

And Gran looked quite huffy until Pam explained, between giggles. "It's just that we had Mother practically married to Paul and nothing came of that. But we didn't even dream that you and Lucius—" she dissolved into laughter once more.

But now they were all laughing together, happy in Gran's happiness. It wouldn't be hard to get used to Lucius as a member of the family, Penny realized. Actually, he had seemed like one for quite a long while.

Finally it was only days till the prom. Such full days, bubbling with excitement.

Pam and Randy were double-dating with Penny and Mike. Gran had made both girls lovely taffeta formals, with wide, flaring skirts and off-the-shoulder necklines.

Never before had Penny looked forward to an evening with such anticipation. She had little hope of being chosen prom queen, but just to be one of the nominees, to have

her friends in Headlines out campaigning for her, was a big thrill. It seemed to Penny that she had more friends than she had realized, partly due to her work on Prom Dates. The bureau had matched up a large number of names. For the first time in school history, every senior girl who wanted to would be attending the big dance. And a lot of them figured they owed their chance to do so to Penny.

At last the magic night came. All day it had rained, but around dinnertime the skies cleared and a sliver of new moon emerged from its curtain of clouds like a prima donna taking an encore. Mike and Randy looked very handsome in their black trousers and white dinner jackets. And each of them had brought an orchid for his girl.

"Good-by, dears," Mother called after them as they went down the stairs. "Have fun, all of you."

"Don't expect us home till late," Randy warned her.

And Mother laughed, a reminiscent sort of laugh, and said, "I won't. It's prom night."

After he had helped her into Randy's car and climbed in beside her, Mike whispered against Penny's cheek, "You'll really knock 'em for a loop tonight, baby. Am I a lucky guy?"

Once they arrived at the club, the evening seemed to merge into a mad and lovely confusion. Penny danced with Mike and Randy and Bob Purcell. Then Mike again. She would have been quite happy dancing every dance with Mike, but, of course, she didn't tell him so.

At intermission time a drum roll drew everyone's attention and silenced the babel. Through the microphone, the orchestra leader requested all the candidates for prom queen to please line up on the bandstand.

"Isn't this fun?" Pam whispered, as she and Penny stood with the others in the bright glare of lights, smiling out over the circling crowd of faces.

Penny could only nod. Even when the losers had been winnowed out, she would have this shining moment to remember.

Another roll of drums and the school principal, Mr. Weaver, holding a crown of imitation jewels, began portentously, "It is my great honor—" Mr. Weaver never could resist the opportunity to make a speech. As his voice droned on and on, Penny's seeking glance found Mike, down in the front of the crowd, beaming proudly up at her. She couldn't help it if her answering smile was a little unsteady.

At last Mr. Weaver wound up his remarks. "And now," he said, "it gives me great pleasure to place this crown on the head of the most popular senior girl at Glen Township High, as chosen by her classmates." Speaking, he moved down the line of candidates.

Pam's going to get it, Penny thought, the tension of waiting building up unbearably.


Pam was feeling the tension, too, Penny realized, wincing slightly at the tight grip of Pam's fingers on hers.

"Miss Penny Howard!" Mr. Weaver said.

Penny could only stand there, staring at him blankly, until the slight pressure of the glittering crown, as the principal placed it on her head, lent the final touch of reality to his words.

The applause and cheering were loud and

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wholehearted. Pam hugged Penny, exclaiming, "I'm so glad, Pen!" If she was also surprised, or disappointed, she hid it well.

When the din had been quieted, the Court of Honor was named. Pam was among those. So Penny hugged and congratulated her. The rest of the intermission was filled with excitement for the lucky winners. Their friends clustered proudly about them. Pictures were taken for the "Crier," the annual, the Glenhurst Daily Journal.

"Ah, fame," Mike cracked, slipping his arm through Penny's when the music began again. "Is it getting you down a little?"

Penny said, "It's wonderful, but I'd like a chance to catch my breath."

Pam, just behind her, agreed. And Randy said, grinning, "I know just the spot."

He led them down a hall to the trophy room, whose leather chairs and couches were inviting and deserted. They slumped down on a long couch, their legs thrust out before them. Music filtered in faintly from the ballroom. Randy put his arm around Pam, and she leaned her head on his shoulder. Mike's arm went around Penny.

"Pardon me," he said with mock gravity, "but your crown is on crooked, Your Highness."

Penny laughed and, taking the crown off, set it on her lap. "I still don't know how I happened to get it," she admitted.

"Don't be modest," Pam said, a little note of pride in her voice.

Their eyes met in a long, level look of understanding. Penny thought what a change the year just past had made in their relationship. They were as close, or closer, than ever. But it was a closeness now of mutual respect, not of one leading and one following. No longer did she resent Pam, or envy her. There was no cause to. She might not win friends so easily as Pam, but she had as many. Tonight had proved that. Maybe, Penny thought, the fact that you had to work harder for the things you wanted to achieve wasn't such a disadvantage after all. Who minded a little work when the results were so satisfactory?

Pam turned her attention back to Randy. Penny's glance fell on the crown on her knees. Its imitation jewels winked back at her. But she stared for only a minute at this tangible symbol of her achievement. Then her eyes lifted to Mike's. "Hi, Queen," Mike said, his blue gaze reaching deep, his arm tightening about her.

"Hi," Penny murmured. As Mike's lips came down to meet hers, the crown slipped off her lap and lay on the carpet. Penny didn't even notice.

"Double Date" is published in book form by J. B. Lippincott, \$2.50.

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2. In the upper right-hand corner of the page, give your name, address, age, and the source of your recipe.
3. List ingredients in the order of use in the recipe, and give level measurements. If any special techniques are involved, describe them fully.
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